

RY

took away the
me,
ber man to be;
pt by Jesus, a
sinners to His
chards, Adj.

r Roll.

who have ed-
ing Self-Denial
ve their names
Roll of S-D.
corps has not
d in this list
Orys, Inquire

N. B. . \$81.50
L. N.B. 00.00
Fair.
N. B. 37.00
N. B. 31.00
n I. . 23.40
n I. . 12.50
n I. . 11.00
ohn I. 10.00
I. 10.00

lings.

ews.
I good meet-
Trades' Union
it very nice
ok from the
and supplied.
Mrs. Ayre
old quite a
nd the Treas-
cretary, Bro.
ellings, Pare-
Mrs. Ayre
Mont. They
many. One
Ayre is a
Glad to hear
become meet-
e were glin-
ain, looking
day, Ensign
rvice, "Sow-
orn Bible."
I.

ou know we
it was say-
ke to drive
but he can't
We had a
iday night
vely crowd
We had
ghter with
the Falls.
our meet-
cor, I ask
s who said
r, who has
Mrs. R. J.

olontinents.
ghan Feb.
b, 21: Pol-
yton, Feb.
Bardsville,
h, 18, 19;
nini, Feb.
h, 24.
rook, Feb.

site of the
and pub-
ern, S. A.
Toronto

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 22,

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissary.

Price, 5 Cents.



MAJOR SOUTHALL,
Provincial Officer, West Ontario Province.

See article on page 6.

Progress in Holland.

Major De Wilde

is going on splendid progress in the past year. New and new buildings are being erected that there is a spirit all over the material side of the movement. The spiritual side is also progressing forward, deeper and deeper into the permanent out-

and myself, with Major De Wilde. Day with the men it was a happy day! had been prepared after watching them well-spread tables, or two with nearly to inspect the whole the many improve- f cattle, renovated clean, healthy look and inmates. f the Farm, Adj. the right man in the brigat countenance, accompanied by a ment, makes up the men, whose most cases, has been stability which has tudy of difficulties. they are now try- the ladder to honor

s finished and the gathered for the service. How earnest- the story of Zac- that wonderful and eration which the Jesus wrought in money-jovial, money- down from the goods for the e to all whom he- thence the amount. me of true salva- to take years to ac- the ready, glad re- Jesus did His tern service. When I been shown—the loss—every ear was el's earnest appeal on. We know that unlawful love of heart of Zacheus's, late the passion is, and other soul- those who come

forward; it was the power of Jesus we closed rejoic-

Slum-posts has blessing, salvation in the public d in this country, now, dark alleys, 's in the Hague was morning sing- along the quarter. They a prayer meeting hall. They had s Tree, and the t that dark hour the tree. At this poor drunkards- ver been in the report this week

salvation is going us, and also in doors in all the a sitting up late sing every spare clothes for the i that they meet

ted to the eager Slum corps on they gathered hotel Christmas whether the joy that of the little as the things ay, it has done epling many an, n, and given the re to the hearts tents, most of 's in, and the

COSANDEY.



THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY TRAVELS.

His Visits to Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Bowmanville and Oshawa.

Glorious Results in Souls Being Saved—Monday Meeting—The T. S.'s Reputation as a Singer Spreading.

LINDSAY.

THE visit of Lieut-Colonel Margetto to Lindsay will not soon be forgotten; our expectations ran high, and we were not disappointed. On Saturday night we created no small stir on the streets and found a nice crowd inside. A housing volley was fired for the Colonel and another to welcome Capt. Pencock, who has come to help push the war at Lindsay. The Colonel was in for a real live meeting and all present felt the presence of God. The Colonel urged the sinners to decide for God, but none yielded.

7 a.m. on Sunday, we were again besieging the Throne of Grace for God's Spirit to help us for the day. 11 a.m.—From the first song until the finish God's power was felt and the Colonel spoke with force and love. Three knelt at the Mercy Seat and were set free.

3 p.m.—A nice crowd and a powerful meeting, with three more crying for salvation. 7:30 p.m.—All hearts were lifted to God for souls, and the Colonel again spoke with lips touched for the occasion by Divine fire. Conviction rested upon the audience, and we again rejoiced over three more seeking pardon and mercy from God. A halcyon wind-up, with a couple of tunes from Prof. Lane on his converted organ box, closed one of the best week-ends we have spent for some time.

FENELON FALLS.

On Monday night we were in for a good time with the Colonel at FENELON FALLS, and a blessed time it was. Indeed, to our souls, I am sure the comrades there will not forget that meeting. God's Spirit hovered over the place, and we were all melted to tears. We all say, "God bless the Lieut-Colonel."—S. Wiggins, D. O.

BOWMANVILLE.

After seven years' absence we were glad to welcome back to our midst Lieut-Colonel Margetto for a week-end. We had been looking forward with great expectancy, and, thank God, we were not disappointed. There were a great many things against us; La Grippe is very prevalent. One doctor, we heard, had as many as one hundred calls in one day, and there is scarcely a house in the town but what some one is down sick. No less than six different funeral notices were tacked up the day the Colonel arrived. However, we had a nice home-like talk and a jolly time at the Saturday night meeting.

A few of us met for knee-drill at 7 a.m. Sunday morning, when God came very near. It was good to be there. A goodly number also met for the old-fashioned love feast at 11 a.m. Oh, what a time we had! The Colonel's talk on "Vow Keeping" will not soon be forgotten. It did our hearts good to see one young man

Take Off His Overcoat

and come away from the back of the hall and throw himself at the penitential font. He has been a wanderer, but God freely forgave the past. We were all dancing happy and wound up by taking hold of each other's hands, singing and making melody unto the Lord.

The afternoon and night meetings were well attended. The Spirit of God strove mightily and tears were seen to flow freely. We believe much

good will result from the Colonel's visit.

OSHAWA.

We were up bright and early Monday morning, and, arriving at the officers' quarters at 9 a.m., found the officers in good spirits over a glorious victory, with two souls in the Fountain on Sunday.

After lunch we ventured our way, in company with Captains Barker and Darrach, to the Mallenble Iron Works, where the Lieut-Colonel had been announced to conduct a special noon-day prayer meeting. These works employ over four hundred men at the present time. It was a grand sight to see them running hither and thither with the molten iron, pouring it into the different moulds. We were kindly shown through the whole building and appreciated it very much. After the men had eaten their dinner they gathered together and listened attentively to some songs and a little spiritual talk. They seemed to be a jolly crowd and evidently enjoyed the meeting, especially

The Colonel's Singing.

with concertina accompaniment. The officers in charge have two meetings a week with these men (we covet them for Jesus).

The night meeting in the barracks was a good spiritual time. There were many present who were under deep conviction, but they would not decide for Christ, so we had to leave them in the hands of God.—J. Jones, D. O.

A Murderer's Testament.

(From the German.)

THIS testimony was written for the German War Cry, from the notes of a man named Hoche, who was convicted of murder and condemned to death. He was beheaded at Bautzen, Saxony, on April 7th, 1897, at six o'clock in the morning.

"Remember, you who are reading this, my last testament, that one speaks to you who is no longer among the living, but one who, at the end of his life, had obtained the knowledge, dearly bought by bitter experience, that the way of transgressors is hard, and the wages of sin is death. Therefore he wishes to warn you who are walking in the broad road to consider, to turn and flee from its delusions.

"I have committed a great crime, and I know I have well merited death, but, when I glance along the road of my life, I must confess that I have not come to this great and terrible sin all at once. Nobody becomes a murderer all at once, and, as I ask myself what was the cause that has driven me to do this terrible deed, I have only one answer:—

Whiskey!

"Slowly it commenced. In my childhood days I was made acquainted with it. My father was a drunkard and after his last drunken spree was found frozen to death in the snow. Fathers, who are drunkards, consider that from your evil habit, the blood, and from your bad example, the life of your children is poisoned. When I left school I learned brick-laying and drinking, for all brick-layers drink whiskey. When I commenced work I was a diligent and reliable laborer and earned good wages, but the more I earned, the more I spent in drink, and the more

I drank, the less relief and strength I had for work, and so, slowly but surely, I went down hill. I was sent to the House of Correction and the State Prison for different offences, but as soon as I was discharged, I started to drink again. Finally, I gave up work altogether and made my wife support me. I was satisfied as long as she gave me sufficient money for whiskey. If she did not do so I would beat her. My step-children had to fetch me my supply of this liquid damnation early in the morning, before they went to school, and again in the evening when they returned from work. Whiskey was my first thought and my first and last drink of the day.

"I will not speak of all the cruelties and crimes I have committed while under the influence of liquor. It robbed me of all will-power and fed within me everything that was devilish and bestial, and at last—at last

I Killed My Wife.

And this murder was the last link in the chain of sins and misdeeds which the drink had compelled me to commit. To-morrow I am to be beheaded; I deserve death; I shall die repentant, and God have mercy upon me; but I do not wish to die without giving one more loud cry of warning to all the world. This shall be my testimony to the living which I leave behind me.

"This warning is meant for you, my friends and comrades in drink, who with me have sat and revelled and delighted in this soul-damning liquor. My example shows you the end of the road which you also are travelling. Throw away the cursed cup while it is in time, and before the drink demon has brought you to the scaffold.

"But this warning is also meant for all of you, my fellow-laborers—bricklayers, carpenters, or whatever your trade may be. Most of you think that without whiskey you cannot go on, and that a little does not hurt you, as long as one does not take to excess, but, tell me, can you stop the rolling ball? With little it begins, with much it finishes. I did not commence with quarts. If you want to be healthy men, willing workers, happy fathers of families, and remain such, then away with the waters of hell!

"But my warning is also meant for the distillers and sellers, and all that have to do with the making and handling of the cursed liquor. Without puns of conscience you rob the laborer of his hard-earned money, you take out of his pocket his scant wages to fill your purses.

You I Accuse

as accomplices in my crime. I know that you are breaking the staff of the Pharisees over my head, and are washing your hands in innocence, but you will have to answer before the Throne of God with me, and for many crimes committed through the agency of your cursed whiskey. You are getting rich from the pennies taken over the counter, but, 'What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul? Close up your whiskey stores, shut up your distilleries, bar your saloons! This is my advice, as I stand face to face with Eternity.

"And now, farewell!—This is my last testament. Remember me. I have warned you. He that has ears to hear, let him hear!"

A Despatch from the Port Simpson Indians.

TO ADJUTANT PATTERSON.

Dear Brother,

I was glad to sent you this report. Glory to God, we are still alive in Port Simpson, and the devil knows it, too. He tries his best to stop the old chariot from rolling along, yet, thank God, it is still moving, and we know the One Who is on our side is more than all that can be against us. Bless God! In spite of the devil we are having good meetings. Deep conviction and souls are getting converted. Three prodigals came to the great King last night in our "Ten Virgins" meeting, and had their sins blotted out.

Please put this report on the War Cry and sent one to me. Will you let me know about officers. Please to tell me as soon as you can. I am sorry for you did not receive my picture.

May the Lord Bless you,

I am yours truly,

HENRY W. TATE.

Our Field Officers.

WHY I BECAME A SALVATIONIST.

By CAPT. HANNA.

I am a Salvationist because God spoke peace to my soul after years of rebellion against Him.



CAPTAIN HANNA, Brampton, Ont.

I was at work in that hay pound just near the house when I heard the voice of God speak to me plainly. I said, "Yes, Lord."

"Heaven or hell, which?" I listened—the darkness of hell and its torture were before me. Then the beauties of heaven, the glories of the Throne lit up the place. I said, "If there is a heaven I'll find it. My Lord, I will do anything, only save me from a burning hell." Then the light came streaming into my soul. I felt that heaven had begun. Then I saw the right example to follow—Jesus Christ—Inventor of professors of religion, whom I used to look at and listen to Sunday after Sunday, and through the week drink distilled damnation and smoke and chew.

Then came the test, the voice of God was heard again, "Follow me." I promised. God said, "Are you willing to go to the farthest corner of the earth?"

I replied, "Yes, Lord, yes."

"Go to the Salvation Army." I made excuses, but the voice said again, "Go, I will prepare the way."

I have obeyed, and have been going on every day since then. I love my Jesus, my work, and souls, and am willing to go anywhere He leads me. I am still in my first love, for which I give God all the glory.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HOOKER, Wallace, Ida.

Once, when food was scarce, the Captain and his wife climbed from 800 to 1,000 feet up the mountains and gathered 23 gallons of huckleberries, which they sold at \$1 per gallon, and so replenished their cupboard.

Mrs. Hooker is a great War Cry boomer, and often walks from 12 to 14 miles to sell that messenger of salvation. "We are going in to thrash the old devil and to have victory, regardless of all opposition," is the Captain's closing sentence in a letter to the Editor.

"Till fixed we are not free. The acorn must be carried ere the oak will develop. The man of faith is the man who has taken root."—Thomas Lynch.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

Saturday, Jan. 21st, 1890.

Everything is arranged for our leaving International Headquarters. Good-byes have been spoken all round. The gale that had been blowing all night seems to have moderated, and the railway people have assured us that the afternoon boat will certainly sail from Folkestone. But ten minutes before we leave the announcement is brought in that the storm in the Channel will not allow any boat to get across; and, therefore, whether we like it or not, the journey must be postponed for that day, at least.

All night the wind roared and rattled with continuous blasts, and the probability that the steamer "Prins Regent Leupold," in which our passages are booked, having to sail from Naples without us, presented itself. However, I hoped in Providence, and did my best to get something like a decent night's sleep, and by nine a.m. the following day we were all on our way to Folkestone, where we found the sea quite quieted down, and, after a good deal of shaking, inside and out, we managed to get across the silver streak and on to Paris.

PARIS.

I found my daughter Lucy wonderfully bright and well, all things considered, while Commissioner Heilberg was in good spirits. If he had not all the success to report which he desired, and which he knew would satisfy the General, he reckoned that his figures showed real progress, and justified hopes for a brighter future.

NAPLES AT LAST.

Wednesday, Jan. 25th.

There are half-a-dozen cities in the world a sight of which I have had a little curiosity to gain, but which have not, as yet, laid along the track of my life's travels. Naples, into which we came at 1:30 to-day, is one of these. And now that I am here I find that I shall have little time to look at anything remarkable, either in the city or surrounding country, seeing that business and writing have taken up the whole of the afternoon and we sail (D. V.) to-night. But I have seen enough to justify to the utmost all that I have read or heard in praise of its glorious bay, and that is saying a great deal. After the hurried glance I have been able to give it, I am bound to confess that I have arrived at the conclusion that it is the most beautiful sheet of water I have as yet had the privilege of looking upon; and I think I can understand how the saying has come to be a proverb, "See Naples, and then die."

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

About fifteen miles from the city, black and threatening, there towers up the celebrated Mount Vesuvius. Looked at from the verandah of our room in which I write this, you have two mountain-peaks, and up the side of one of these, nearly at the summit, is situated the mouth, or crater, of the volcano. At the present moment Vesuvius is in eruption; that is, the fires that are ever burning in the bowels of the mountain, emitting continuously volumes of smoke, and from which there occasionally bursts forth, with lurid flames, streams of lava, composed of molten stone, mineral and other matter. These streams are running down the mountain sides at the present time to the terror of the poor people living there, or in the immediate neighborhood. And they may well be terrified, because they know all about the destruction of the City of Pompeii, which took place over two thousand years ago, caused by an eruption of the same volcano, which came on so suddenly that no one had the opportunity to escape. The whole city was buried and nothing was known of it, until in later years, excavations were made and the ruins discovered just as they were when the fiery deluge overtook them.

A FIERY SIGHT.

I am staying for the hour or two we have to wait for the departure of our steamer with Staff-Capt. Gordon and his dear wife, who love Italy, and

spend most of their time there, doing what they can to help forward the Salvation Army, and, while waiting the foregoing, Mrs. Gordon called me into the next room saying, that the flames issuing from the volcano could now be seen, and there, sure enough, glowing like a great furnace, although fifteen miles away, was the burning mountain; and while I gazed at the sight I thought of the streams of death that were issuing forth. I wondered how people could be so foolish as to live on the very verge of such destruction. And then I thought also of the multitudes who around me everywhere

are living on the very verge of the Bottomless Pit, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and prayed that God might stir me up, and stir my comrades everywhere to labor night and day to persuade men and women to come away from the road that leads to damnation.

"ALL ON BOARD."

Later.

We are just going on board. I am fortunate in having so good a ship, and a staff of comrades so anxious to do all that is possible to minister to my comfort, and to assist me in the realization of any plan of usefulness that is on my mind with respect to the journey. And more than this, how highly favored I am in possessing comrades all round the world who day by day will be praying for my preservation and well-being. Good-bye, dear comrades of Europe! I have bid you farewell before, but I repeat it again and again. Remember our motto for 1890 is "On, on, and still on!"

Bulletin of Siege Captures

Sathered from the Corps Reports.

Central Ontario Province.

Twelve Souls.

LINDSAY.—Siege and souls all the talk. 12 captured since the Siege began. Soldiers desperate and sinners getting alarmed. Going in to do some thing remarkable.—S. Wiggins, Adjt.

Seven Souls.

COLLINGWOOD.—7 souls since the Siege began. Crowds and interest increasing. Soldiers happy. Devil mad.—W. Clark, R. C.

One Soul.

UXBRIDGE.—Siege opened well. One backslider the first Sunday. Officers and soldiers united. Four held up their hands for prayer at night. Capt. Nelson paid us a visit. Lieut. Wadge down with La Grippe.—M. L.

Six Souls.

LISGAR ST.—all alive. Everybody feeling the effects of our Siege. Six souls at night. Had a real good dance. 37 in the march. Monday night three prayer meetings in different houses.—Mrs. Stickells.

One Soul.

OMENEE.—One soul on Saturday night. Good march on Sunday. Lieut. Kemple farewelled after a very short stay.—R. C.

Four Souls.

LIPPINCOTE.—Good day on Sunday. Four souls since the Siege began.—F. Smith, Cadet.

East Ontario Province.

Five Souls.

PICTON.—Glorious week. War Cry sold out. (Good buy!—Ed.) One backslider on Wednesday. David's stocking meeting on Saturday. Four more souls on Sunday night. Soldiers taking hold of the Siege well. God bless them all!—Slims and Norman.

One Soul.

MOIRSBURG.—Welcome to Capt. Reid on Sunday. Beautiful meetings. Excited about the Siege. Had a visit from Brigadier Bennett. Very much appreciated. "Come again!"—Lieut. Newell.

Two Souls.

MONTREAL.—Organizing carefully. Every soldier joined in the covenant. Two souls on Sunday night. "Praise God for War Cry profit!"—Norman.

Nine Souls.

COITINWALL.—Couldn't wait for the Siege! Nine souls saved. Some in cottage meetings, others in visitation, and others in the meetings. Sev-

eral very exceptional ones. We are hoping to bring others in.—E. B.

Four Souls.

ARNPRIOR.—Just had a very glorious week. One saved at knoe-drill, three more at night. All got scuriously through. The spiritual thermometer is rising.—S. A. Mc.

One Soul.

BLOOMFIELD.—Our new officers to the front. Big crowds and good collections. One soul.—G. Ball.

Two Souls.

PORT HOPE.—Things looking very much brighter. Knee-drills going up. Converts doing well. Had a visit from Bro. Gaumont, of Montreal, with his talking machine. Two souls on Sunday night.—Minnie B.

West Ontario Province.

Two Souls.

WINDSOR.—Doing well. Sold out War Cry and have to increase our order. (Shake, Brother.—Ed.) Had a visit from our P. O. Major Southall. Everybody delighted. Two souls.—Silver Spray.

Two Souls.

RIDGETOWN.—Two backsliders on Sunday night. Had a visit from Mrs. Major Southall on Wednesday night. Enjoyed it very much.—K. Watt, R. C.

Three Souls.

MITCHELL.—God is with us. Three souls on Wednesday at the prayer meeting.—Capt. Mathers.

Three Souls.

DRAWTON.—Good times here. Our hearts cheered by seeing three souls at the Mercy Seat on Sunday night. Had a good week. Juniors' Corps getting along well. Prospects for the Siege all O. K.—C. Jarvis.

One Soul.

BERLIN.—Hard at word for the Siege. Converts getting along nicely. One soul since last report.—H. Oberer.

One Soul.

PARIS.—The Siege is on and we are fighting. Capt. Coy and wife to the front. Sister Smith sold fifteen War Cry in one bar-room. (Hallelujah!—Ed.) One soul on Sunday.—W. M.

Seven Souls.

BLENNHEIM.—Siege started several days before the appointed time. Soldiers all on fire for souls. War Cry all sold out. (Why not rise?—Ed.) Capt. made a new pentent form for the Siege converts. Two souls the

first Sunday. Had a visit from Major Southall. Much appreciated. Everybody delighted. Finished with five souls.—Inn Groom.

Pacific Province.

One Soul.

REVELSTOCK.—Siege opened a real earnest. One soul at night. Captain Gooding farewelled.—Steve, R. C.

Four Souls.

BILLINGS.—Left Victoria and got to the place with an atmosphere of 40° below zero. Siege getting under way fine. Three Juniors and one Senior. Will reach our Siege target.—Adjt. Ayre.

One Soul.

ANACONDA.—Started the Siege with one backslider. Adjt. Hay with us for week-end. Many under conviction.—Cadet Lloyd.

Two Souls.

NELSON.—Firing hot and heavy. Siege began. Two prisoners taken. You will hear more of us.—George Dixon.

Three Souls.

SHERIDAN.—No officers here for New Year's. We are hard at work. Three souls saved. Capt. Myers and Lieut. Tracy arrived.—H. C. Burks.

Three Souls.

MISSOULA.—Three souls since last report. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Floyd find the people very kind.

North-West Province.

One Soul.

WINNIPEG.—Siege progressing. Bar-tender out for salvation. Murders and crowds very good in spite of the cold. Bro. and Sister Crushaw have lost their little child.

One Soul.

JAMESTOWN.—One backslider. We are not forgetting the Siege.—Lieut. E. McConnell.

Two Souls.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Had a brush with the enemy. Five souls for the blessing and two for salvation.—J. C. H.

One Soul.

LUTHERBRIDGE.—One soul. We are believing for more. We are in good trim.—A. R.

Six Souls.

WINNIPEG.—Capt. LeDrew fell through trap door, sustained a few broken bones, but is progressing well. Staff-Capt. Galt commissioned 21 Local Officers. Six souls on Sunday night.

Two Souls.

PARGO.—Major McMillan and Adjt. Cass with us. Siege started. Two souls.—M. H. S.

Three Souls.

CAKES.—Three souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! Major McMillan and Adjt. Cass with us for two nights.—E. S. Bly.

One Soul.

EDMONTON.—Still alive. One backslider returned. Others convicted. Deeply interested in Siege.—Alice Pearce, Capt.

Eastern Province.

Five Souls.

HOULTON, Me.—Successful Basket Social. Five souls Sunday night. Others coming.—E. White, R. C.

Twenty-Six Souls.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Wonderful victories. 26 souls since last Tuesday. Place on fire.—G. Chandler.

Newfoundland Province

Eight Souls.

JACKSON'S COVE.—Glorious times. 15 for a clean heart, 8 for salvation.—T. Pitcher, Capt.

HOULTON, Maine.

Ensign Perry with us on Friday, January 20th. Conducted a lantern service entitled the "Gipsy Girl," which was very good. Cadet Adams has farewelled for the Training Garrison.—Emily White, Corps Car.

A Game of

A Service of

BY ADJUTANT PAG

Altogether.
Begone, vain world (B.J. 19D).

FAIRYLAND—or something closely akin to it. Floral festoons hung from the roof, flags of all nations decked the walls. Sweet strains from stringed instruments and ripples of ringing laughter mingled harmoniously below. Although the half-playful traffic going on necessitated the clink of coins and the rustle of purses, there was little else to suggest anything so serious as a mart. In reality it was the Annual Fancy Fair in aid of Northover's old-established orphanage. One of the butterfly throngs of young ladies acting as saleswomen had flattered her gauze-like draperies to the entrance to greet a new-comer.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart," she exclaimed, shaking hands with a gray-haired and somewhat grave gentleman, "how good of you to come! Isn't it a perfect paradise?"

"I am afraid your comparison is rather unfortunate, Miss Brown," he returned. "Paradise was not quite perfect, you remember. The serpent spoiled it. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if there is one lurking behind some of these needless merry-meas?"

"I am sure I hope not," said little Miss Brown, her pretty lips pouting. "If there is one I haven't seen him yet."

"As she ran away with a rather flippant apology that she must see no such monster devour the good things under her care."

Solo and Chorus.

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud.
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb,
Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity.

Half an hour later another new-comer pushed his way through the turnstile. This was an altogether new experience for Dick Newnes. He was a young and struggling clerk, and a complimentary ticket, given by his employer had secured him the night's entertainment—his first real taste of gaiety. He was fairly dazzled by the varied beauties of the spacious hall. Dick was small and shy, and as he had no purse to meet the absurdly high prices he saw all around him, he felt for some minutes rather dull and alone. He almost wished to break the prayer-meeting engagement which he had promised when he left home always to fulfill.

While thus thinking he had gravitated towards a group of young people surrounding what he first took to be an auction desk, but which he afterwards found was a raffle. A small gloved hand was outstretched to him—it was Miss Brown's.

"How do you do, Mr. Newnes?"

"They had met at some social a few weeks previously, and the young lady was noted for a good memory for faces and an affable recognition of them. "Just in time to drop your quarter into this bag of luck, for that silk shawl we are raffling for."

"Never take in a game of chance, my boy. It will unpin your principles quicker than anything else." This inconvenient recollection of a father's advice caused Dick to hesitate.

Chorus (Platform only).

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through!

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

A Game of Chance.

A Service of Song.

BY ADJUTANT PAGE.

Altogether.

Begone, vain world (B.J. 101).

FAIRYLAND — or something closely akin to it. Floral festoons hung from the roof, fests of all nations decked the walls. Sweet strains from strangled instruments and ripples of ringing laughter mingled harmoniously below. Although the half-playful traffic going on necessitated the clink of coin and the rustle of parcel-tieing, there was little else to suggest anything so serious as a mart. In reality it was the Annual Fancy Fair in aid of Northover's old-established orphanage.

One of the butterfly throng of young ladies acting as saleswomen had fluttered her gauze-like draperies to the entrance to greet a new-comer.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart," she exclaimed, shaking hands with a grey-haired and somewhat grave gentleman, "how good of you to come! Isn't it a perfect paradise?"

"I am afraid your comparison is rather unfortunate, Miss Brown," he returned. "Paradise was not quite perfect, you remember. The serpent spoiled it. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if there is one lurking behind some of these needless merriments?"

"I am sure I hope not," said Miss Brown, her pretty lips pouting. "If there is one I haven't seen him yet."

And she ran away with a rather flippant air, though she must see such monster devoured the good things under her care.

Solo and Chorus.

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud;
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb,
Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity.

Half an hour later another new-comer pushed his way through the throng. This was an altogether new experience for Dick Newnes. He was a young and struggling clerk, and a complimentary ticket given by his employer had secured him the night's entertainment—his first real taste of gaiety. He was fairly dazzled by the varied beauties of the specious hall. Dick was small and shy, and as he had no purse to meet the absurdly high prices he saw all around him, he felt for some minutes rather dull and alone. He almost wished he had not come—he had had to break the prayer meeting engagement which he had promised when he left home always to fulfil.

While thus thinking he had gravitated towards a group of young people surrounding what he first took to be an auction desk, but which he afterwards found was a raffle. A small gloved hand was outstretched to him—it was Miss Brown's.

"How do you do, Mr. Newnes?" they had met at some social a few weeks previously, and the young lady was noted for a good memory for faces and an affable recognition of them. "Just in time to drop your quarter into this bag of luck, for that silk shawl we are raffling for."

"Never take in a game of chance, my boy. It will unpin your principles quicker than any case." This inconvenient recollection of a father's advice caused Dick to hesitate.

Chorus (Platform only).

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through:
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strength and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

"Oh, come, be quick," said the thoughtless little temptress at his elbow. "It's only fun, you know. Wouldn't your mother just look lovely in that shawl? You are not stingy, surely?"

He was not, though he had but one quarter left after paying board lodging and car fares. Besides he loved his mother passionately, and, of course, longed to make her a present. Conscience went into his pocket, the quarter tumbled out of it—into Miss Brown's velvet bag.

That night Dick Newnes walked home with a carefully-wrapped tissue paper package under his arm. He had won the shawl. He wondered how he should account for its purchase to his mother, and had a strange mixture of shame at the thought of paying 25 cents for a \$10 shawl, and exultation at being the one winner against thirty-nine losers.

Some years later, Dick is seven and twenty and a married man. In his dainty little suburban villa his young wife awaits his home-coming. Her beauty has taken a more womanly grace, but it is not hard to recognize the Alice Brown of former days. She yawns over her sewing and glances at the clock. The hands point to after midnight. With a start she



"... HE IS A RUINED MAN."

throws her work aside and peers through the window. Outside all is silent and dark. No sound of the well-known foot-fall for which she waits. "Strange what keeps him so often," she says to herself. "It is very lonely for both of us that he has to work such late hours."

It is not until nearly two that the master of the house comes in. His eyes glitter—his manner is agitated and nervous. He seems more annoyed than pleased that his wife has waited for him. She arranges the late supper and attends to his wants. But her eyes are misty as she pours the coffee, and her voice not very steady as she says:

"Couldn't I do something to help you with your writing, Dick—so that you could work at home of an evening?"

"God forbid that you should help me," exclaims her husband, with what seems unnecessary vehemence. "The writing will come out all right, Alice. Anyway, never forget that I do it for your sake."

Solo and Chorus.

What if I will not salvation seek?
What if I will not hear conscience speak?
What if God's talents and time I waste?
What if I sin away days of grace?
Oh, what will the judgment be?

Going to judgment with salvation light.

Going to judgment for not doing right;
Dreadful the sentence, "Depart from Me!"
Sad, ah! sad will the judgment be.

What if I will not take up my cross?
What if I sin till my soul is lost?
What if I sink the burning flame?
There will be none but myself to blame.
Oh, what will the judgment be?

Two weeks later—the same room—the same hour—the same watching woman. But to-night her face is flushed with anger, pride and shame. The nature of her husband's nightly business has been revealed. Through a word dropped by the office watchman, she heard that her husband's desk was unopened after six o'clock. Suspicious and alarmed, Alice made further enquiries, and after some difficulty learned her husband's haunt—it was a private billiard room, and she was a gambler's wife. Oh, the shame, the degradation of the thought! Alice was tingling with it when her husband entered, and immediately began to upbraid him on the strength of her discovery. Newnes was in no mood to be scolded. He had lost more than he had gained that night, and drank heavily.

"Fine thing to scold a man for looking after his wife. Did you think this house was kept up by all your dressmaker's bills and the girl's wages paid out of my office salary? THAT would hardly pay the rent. I have to do something to supplement my income."

"We could cut down," said Alice. "Cut down—what?" retorted her husband. "You and I have lost our taste for simple food, simple dress, and simple comfort. We MUST have these things, and I MUST pay for

them, and she said, as she folded her bundle again:
"Do you know Jesus?"

Chorus (Platform only) Softly.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

The poor, stricken heart before her broke at the question. Hastily seizing her visitor's hand she led her to the parlor and there sobbed out her story.

"It's all my own fault," she wailed. "I see it now—oh, can He forgive one so wicked as I?"

On her knees that afternoon, with her new friend's arm around her, Alice proved He could and did. And she went about her work, sad still—but strong to face the worst.

She had not long to wait. The worst was night at hand. Three nights later her husband failed to return at the usual hour. Three—four o'clock passed—she waited till the grey dawn looked in on her kneeling figure—but still he did not come.

Solo and Chorus.

Death is at hand thy life to demand,
Mute haste, now the Saviour to find;
No longer delay, you're passing away,
And Satan your soul wants to bind.
Oh, why wilt thou die?

Awful despair thy bosom will tear
When heaven for thee has no room,
For ever shut out in darkness and doubt,
Then hell everlasting thy doom!

In the gambling room that night Dick Newnes had staked his all—and lost, all his possessions, one by one, till the wedding presents, the furniture, the pretty home itself, were all pledged to pay the winner. One chance was left. The thousands that he had put on a horse running that very night, might yet redeem him. Wine flowed freely—under his delusive stimulus he could not give up hope.

At last a hurried ring at the bell—a telegram boy enters. Newnes tears the message open. His lips turn blue—his head reels—his horse has lost—he is a ruined man!

And a doomed one—for the shock seems freezing his blood and fastening fetters on his pulse. The room is swimming—voices seem far away—thoughts maddening in their speed rush through his brain—it seems as though on fire with them. "Alice homeless—his name disgraced—his honor—"

The door opens—his wife, white with watching and search, comes in. The painting man stingers towards her. "Alice—forgive!" he gasps. "Oh, God, have mercy!"

But the word "mercy" will not come. With a groan he falls dead at her feet.

His game is up.

Solo and Chorus.

Too late! Too late!
Thy day of grace is ended,
Thy God of love offended,
And from thy soul is rendered
The lingering ray of hope.

Chorus.

Too late! Mercy gone. Too late!
Judgment come,
Shut without the golden gate. Just too late!

Tune.—Penitent's plea.

All the memories of deeds gone by
Erase within me, Thy power defy;
With deathly chill ensnaring,
They would leave my soul despairing,
Saviour, take my hand, I cannot tell
How to stem the tides that round me
How to ease my conscience, or to quell
My flaming heart.

We can but draw a veil over the memory of contrition and remorse into which Alice was plunged. Indeed, her grief might almost have perilled her reason, had she not found an Arm to lean on, and a Heart to feel and help in that dark hour.

One day there came to her door a sweet-faced woman in a poke bonnet, who, as a reason for her visit proffered a War Cry for sale. Something in the face of the woman who answered her knock (the girl had been dismissed two weeks before) struck the Salva-

My tale is told. Two words remain for me to say.

There may be some in this meeting, who, like Alice, have played with such edged tools, and have led others to do the same. Let such remember that the damage done by a thoughtless influence can never be undone.

To you, young man or old—I care not what your age, your ability, or as you may term it, your good luck—you who have got in the vortex of gambling beginnings, and blinded by its twin curse of drink yet think to win, I would only say, remember that "in such an hour as ye think not" you may LOSE—and lose eternally.

Chorus, softly.

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live,
Thou wouldest be saved, why not to-night?

Sunday. Had a visit from Major [unclear]. Much appreciated. Every-thing delighted. Finished with five [unclear].—Inn Groom.

Pacific Province.

LEVELSTOKE—Siege opened in earnest. One soul at night. Cup-boarding farewelled.—Stove, H. O.

CLINGS—Left Victoria and got place with an atmosphere of how zero. Siege getting under way. Three Juniors and one Sea-Will reach our Siege target-ryre.

ACONDA—Started the Siege [unclear] backslider. Adj. Hay with week-end. Many under con-—Cadet Lloyd.

SON—Firing hot and heavy. began. Two prisoners taken. Will hear more of us.—George

IRIDAN—No officers here for [unclear]. We are hard at work. [unclear] saved. Capt. Myers and [unclear] arrived.—H. C. Burke.

SOULA—Three souls since [unclear] fort. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. [unclear] and the people very kind.

North-West Province.

NIPEG—Siege progressing. [unclear] out for salvation. Marches [unclear] very good in spite of the [unclear] and Sister Crushaw have a little child.

ESTOWN—One backslider. [unclear] forgetting the Siege.—McConnell.

PAGE LA PRAIRIE—Had a [unclear] the enemy. Five souls for [unclear] and two for salvation.—

BRIDGE—One soul. We [unclear] for more. We are in [unclear].—A. R.

PIPEG—Capt. LeDrew fell [unclear] door, sustained a few [unclear], but is progressing well. [unclear] commissioned 21 Lo- [unclear]. Six souls on Sunday [unclear].

O—Major McMillan and [unclear] with us. Siege started. [unclear].—M. H. S.

S—Three souls in the [unclear] [unclear] Major McMillan [unclear] with us for two nights. [unclear].

NTON—Still alive. One [unclear]. Others convicted. [unclear] in Siege.—Alice [unclear].

astern Province.

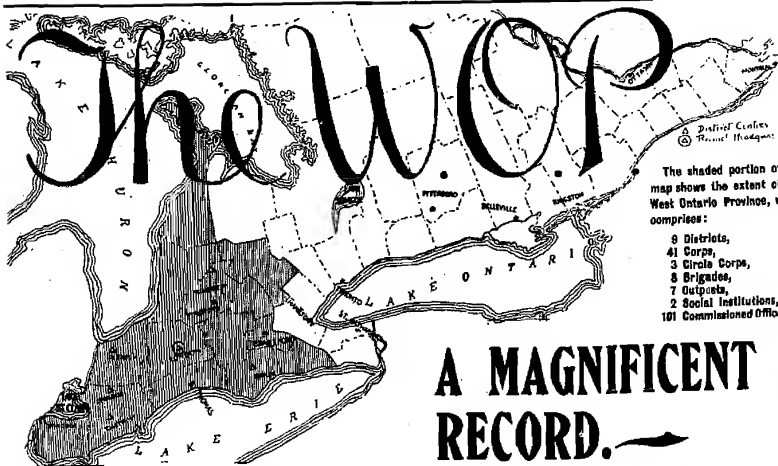
ON, Me.—Successful Bas- [unclear]. Five souls Sunday night. [unclear].—E. White, R. C.

HN HIL—Wonderful vic- [unclear] last Tuesday. [unclear].—G. Chandler.

oundland Province

N'S COVE—Glorious [unclear] for a clean heart, 8 for [unclear].—Pitche, Capt.

I, Molne—Ensign Perry [unclear] on Friday. January [unclear] a lantern ser- [unclear] "Gipsy Girl," which [unclear]. Cadet Adams has [unclear] the Training Garrison. [unclear].—Corps Cor.



A MAGNIFICENT RECORD.

THAT section of the Canadian battlefield known as the West Ontario Province has focussed the attention of the War Cry readers in the magnificent record of its gallant Arab, who maintained such a splendid lead against "all comers" in the Competition List. It has not only excelled itself in this,

however, but has furnished a splendid record of progression and advance in many other respects.

This Province comprises all Canadian Territory west of Brantford and Guelph to the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and is bounded by Lake Erie on the south and Lake Huron on the north and north-west.

The shaded portion of the map shows the extent of the West Ontario Province, which comprises:

- 8 Districts,
- 41 Corps,
- 3 Circle Corps,
- 8 Brigades,
- 7 Outposts,
- 2 Social Institutions,
- 101 Commissioned Officers.

Districts.

BRANTFORD.—Adj. Combs has just been appointed as District Officer.

This is the largest District (except the London) for population. From a manufacturing standpoint, it is also the most flourishing. It has three brass bands in its six corps—Galt taking the lead. We have a good, solid

corps here, with a fine set of Local Officers. It is a busy manufacturing town, principally in moulding and iron working, engines of all descriptions and safes being the principal industries. Guelph also is quite a manufacturing town. A fine Army work has been done here. Hespeler is a busy little place—its two wooden mills employing over a thousand hands. The Army is much appreciated here. Berlin is a thriving town, and is destined to become an important corps, although its record has been rather fluctuating. Paris, with its brave little band of soldiers, continues to plod along—small, but faithful, may be said of this corps.

CHATHAM.—Ensign Bate has just been appointed to this District. The central corps (Chatham) has a real, old-fashioned Army backbone to it. A splendid work has been done, and but for the depression that has existed in this section for some years, would probably stand second

to none in the Province. The soldiers are of the Blood-and-Fire stamp. The band are a fine set of fellows—and

play as well as play—and they know how to do both. Ridgeway is a bright little town, and with the neat property—barracks and quarters—purchased about a year ago, will go on to fill its mission more efficiently. Blenheim is coming along nicely, and promising well for a brighter future. Tilbury is feeling keenly the existing depression, and is making a brave pull for existence.

DEERDEN.—This District is run from P. H. Q. The central corps has had quite a revival of late, and though the depression common around this part has depopulated the town in some measure—a condition the Army always feels—it has made some advances. Wallaceburg is going ahead commercially and Salvation Army'ly. Both well is pulling up nicely, and there is a crisp air of activity and prosperity about it.

PALMERSTON.—Ensign Orchard is the director of affairs in these northern regions. Is not particular to ten miles or so when he starts out on a walk. He gets around by some means, and does not stick at any set method of locomotion. He is on the look-out for some fresh place to

attack. If the Arctic travellers don't hurry up and reach the "Pole" they will find Ensign Orchard there ahead of them, and the "yellow, red and blue" attached to the North Pole, or some other pole.

A good work has been done in all these northern towns—particularly the central corps, where a number of drink victims have been saved, some of whom are now in heaven. The condition of these towns is much the same as compared with their population. This northern district is very difficult in many respects. Money is scarce, and the populations have decreased, which accounts for the depression which seems to have the effect of making people indifferent to appeals for practical sympathy, or to those higher appeals which pertain to their soul's welfare. Hence the work is difficult financially, and soul-saving is not as successful as in other sections of the Province of West Ontario. The main feature is farming, and the soil in many sections is poor.

PETROLIA.—Ensign Wakenfield took charge of this District at the recent change.

The central corps is good, and has some fine soldiers. The town's people are very genial, generous and warm-hearted, which accounts for the work having always maintained an efficient standing.

In g. Some splendid cases of conversion have taken place, and the work continues to go on. Samia is rather difficult, but has mellowed towards the Army during the past two years. Forest has had a good work done, but is rather fluctuating. Thorndale has a good, solid band of soldiers, and the town is very friendly. Wyoming is very small in population, and our little Salvation band bravely plod along, making the

most of the little or present, which meant STRATFORD.—A just jumped from s



made of something We shall hear of vacans from here This is a great rule, railway m wards the Army, something to do the Army holds in respect of the com wonder? What i been done? Seanforth, too, la later of a certain stated in the pulp there was no need town. The books results among sav

16 cases Arrested (ab 240 years s) Converted 93 12 are raterp 12 are sold 4 are membe ations.

We leave the m to decide. These of the work don alone. If he wa he had but to loo ten and he woul the Army's work getting the most Seanforth stands i Clinton and G fair quota of sa former has an eff lot of soldiers. many soldiers bi very favorable to the shores of La is rather a dull s have to keep the brains active to Bayfield, with population has a fire corps.

SIMCOE.—Adj affairs of this year. The centr old "stand-by," been done. Woo along nice local improvem past year, pro former glory a magnitude. Sp diamond, and r journeyed past rion and reach light shall no jo band is coming is still marchi is catching up if they don't go (We regret be photo of the D

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES CONCERNING THE West Ontario Province.

223 Saved Drunkards; 3,436 years of Drunkenness and 2,009 years of Sobriety and Industry represented in the same lives.

WANTED.—A mathematician to give correct estimate of the above in evil influences checked and thrown on the side of righteousness.

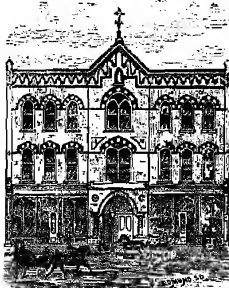
Our Paper War.—Fifteen readers of the War Cry in every 100 of the population, or 25,000 weekly readers.

\$6,000 in the two annual financial efforts, or 3 cents per head of population.

40 Corps with a total population of less than 200,000.



STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. PHILLIPS, Chancellors.



LONDON CITADEL.



LONDON RESCUE HOME.

In this 1897. A nu when the b of people h wounded.

-and they know
Ridgeway is a
d with the neat
quarters-pur-
ago, will go
more efficiently,
long nicely, and
brighter future,
nly the existing
ing a brave pull

District is run
entral corps has
late, and though
a around this
be town in some
Army always
some advances,
attend comman-
Arm'y. Both-
ly, and there is
and prosperity

sign Orchard is
in these north-
ern regions. Is
not particular
to ten miles or
so, when he
starts out on a
walk. He gets
around by
some means,
and does not
stick at any
set method of
locomotion. He
is on the look-
out for some
fresh place to
travellers don't
ie "Pole" they
rd there ahead
flow, red and
North Pole, or

en done in all
particularly the
a number of
a saved, some
heaven. The
was is much
with their pop-
ulation is very
sta. Money is
ions have de-
s for the de-
have the effect
to appeals
or to those
origin to their
the work is
soul-saving in
other sections
Ontario. The
and the soil

Vokesfield took
at the recent
ange. The
entral corps is
ood, and has
me fine sol-
ers. The
w was people
e very genit,
enerous and
arm-hearted,
uch accounts
the work
ing always
maintained an
cient stand-
g. Some
on have tak-
continues to
difficult, but
Army div-
Forest has
ut is rather
as a good,
the town is
a very small
le Salvation
making the

most of the little opportunities of the present, which means greater ones entrusted in the future.

STRATFORD.—Adjt. Hughes has just jumped from salutious Chatham into classic Stratford, and will have command of one of the best Districts in the Province. The central corps is a gem, and has a backbone in its Local Officers soldiers and handmen that the devil would like to break—but it's made of something stronger than tape.

We shall hear of some marked advances from here in the near future. This is a great railway town, and, as a rule, railway men are generous to the Army, which might have something to do with the high place of the Army holds in the sympathy and respect of the community. And what wonder? What a mighty work has been done!

Seaforth, too, has its record. A minister of a certain evangelical church stated in the pulpit not long ago, that there was no need of the Army in that town. The books give the following results among saved drunkards alone:

16 cases.

Arrested (about) 45 times.

240 years spent in drunkenness.

Converted 23 years.

12 are ratepayers.

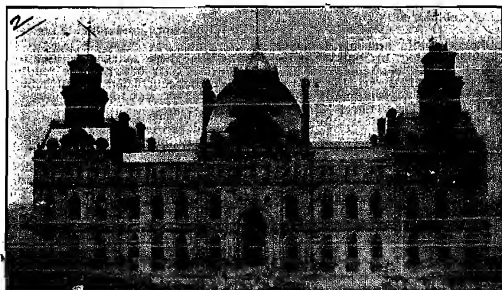
12 are soldiers.

4 are members of other denominations.

We leave the matter for our readers to decide. These figures give A PART of the work done for ONE CLASS alone. If he wanted further results he had but to look over the congregation and he would see quite a little of the Army's work from which he was getting the most benefit. And in that Seaforth stands by no means alone.

Clinton and Goderich have had a fair quota of saved drunkards. The former has an efficient band and a fine lot of soldiers. The latter has not many soldiers but the community are very favorable to the Army. Towards the shores of Lake Huron the winter is rather a dull season, and the officers have to keep their eyes open and their brains active to keep out of debt. Bayfield, with its few hundred of population has a fine little Blood-and-Fire corps.

SIMCOB.—Adjt. Myles has held the affairs of this District for the past year. The central corps has some real old "stand-bys," and a good work has been done. Woodstock has been coming along nicely, and with several local improvements made during the past year, promises to rise to its former glory as a star of the first magnitude. Speed on, thou sparkling diamond, and rest not till thou hast journeyed past the clouds of stagnation and reach the position where thy light shall no longer be dimmed! The hand is coming on nicely. Tilsonburg is still marching on, though Norwich is catching up and may surprise a few if they don't get a better gait on. (We regret being unable to obtain a photo of the District Officer.—Ed.)



LONDON TOWN HALL.

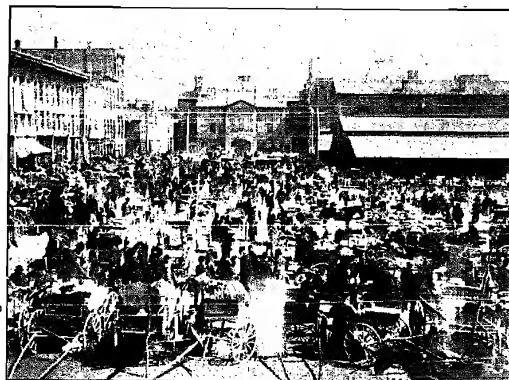
In this building happened the terrible catastrophe of December 31st, 1897. A mass meeting was being held relative to the Mayoralty election when the beam supporting the floor gave way and precipitated hundreds of people into the basement. About two hundred people were killed and wounded.

WINDSOR.—Ensign McHarg has held the reins of this District for some months. Progress is marked in all the affairs of the District. The central corps is doing well, and a good work has been done.



It is quite a manufacturing town, but outside of it there is little but farming, and the demands of a degenerating industry—tobacco growing. The latter does not promise to become of permanent importance. Essex and Leamington are doing well, and the work of the past 12 or 14 years is still being added to, while the element of permanency in the results that have been accomplished was never more marked than now.

LONDON.—This District is run from P. H. Q. The central corps has a fine lot of soldiers—about 120 on the roll. A fine work has been accomplished. The brass band is a model for unity, hard work, and readiness to rally to any effort for the extension of the Kingdom. Moreover, they hold the championship of the Dominion in the late Self-Denial effort. The Army holds a warm place in the appreciation of the citizens, and the press is very favorable. St. Thomas is doing well and continues to add to its former triumphs, though our work cannot be



MARKET SQUARE, LONDON, ONT.

The x marks our favorite open-air stand.

properly estimated because of the transient character of a part of its population. Since the opening of the new barracks new interest has been created and the crowds have increased. Lugersoll is distinctly an Army town. They believe in the Blood-and-Fire. The commercial standing of the town is well maintained, and thus a good backbone has

which points to possibilities under better conditions.

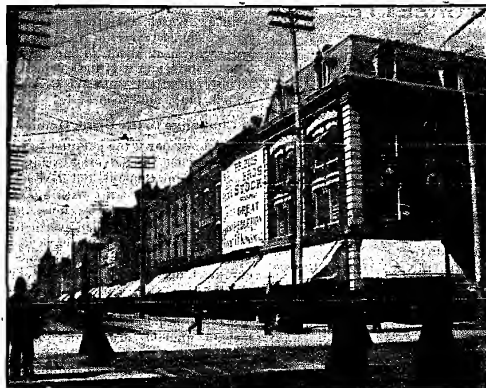
The Provincial Staff.

Major and Mrs. Southall are the Provincial Officers, and since their taking command the Province has steadily advanced. They have, together, seen over thirty years of active service in the Army. The Major was drafted to Canada in '84, from the Chelton Training Homes, London, Eng., and after three field appointments was promoted to the staff. He has held the position of Divisional Officer for many years—Editor of the War Cry—Chancellor, and Provincial Officer.

Mrs. Southall was converted and a soldier at Barrie, Ont. She entered the Field in April '84. After serving as Lieutenant for some months was promoted to Captain and had command of the following corps—Midland, Sudb., Ingersoll, Woodstock and Hamilton I. Was married on relinquishing command of the latter, in 1887.

Staff-Capt. Phillips, the Chancellor, is an old veteran, having seen 15 years' service. His out-and-out Blood-and-Fire spirit is well known. He has served as P. O. Manager of the Printing Department four years, and held different staff positions.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips has seen service for about the same period as her husband. She has had several commands as a Field Officer in England, and is well-known to readers of the War Cry through her frequent contributions to its pages.



DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

Capt. Smith, the Cashier, is a product of the Berlin corps (Ont.). He is quite an artist, and can turn his hand to almost anything. Has been in the service about five years. Thus in the five members of the Provincial Staff, there are about 70 years of S. A. warfare represented.

Our Brave Officers.

Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath
The burden of his toil, and turn aside
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—
Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart
Some dimming of earthly hope unweary?
Of earthly thought unbroken? Did he bring
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—
His love, hope and sorrow—and become as one
Knowing no hindrance but a perishing world,
No love but of the sin and pain and soul,
No hope but of the winning back to life
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought
Save of the errand whereunto he was sent
As to a martyrdom? —Whitlier.

Nothing could better express the necessary price paid by our officers than these lines of the poet, who penned them in honor of a friend who had gone as a missionary to India. The conditions of unfettered service for God have always been, and are everywhere the same. The Saviour of



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

the world could not save Himself, and the world has not changed its attitude to those who condemn its folly and wrongs, its hypocrisy and pride, etc. While the world loves its own, and people continue to plume themselves in the "fool's paradise" of carnal security, it will hate and despise those who disturb their momentary pleasure—and curse those who tell them they are slumbering on a volcano. "The servant is not above his lord," is a mighty philosophy which has its application to the latter end of the nineteenth century as in the first. Still, these "saviours" of others accept the conditions without murmuring, rejoicing in the results of the present lives blessed and brightened—and are

(Continued on page 12.)

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Ruth Orego to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Wm. Owen to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Brown to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Sleeth to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Glover, Hillsboro, to be Captain.
 Cadet Habbkirk, Rat Portage, to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Oakley, Hamilton Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

Appointments—

ADJT. JORDAN, of Toronto Rescue Home, to Halifax Rescue Home.
 ENSIGN BECKSTEAD, resting, to Helena Rescue Home.
 ENSIGN CUMMINS, G. B. M. Agent North-West Province, to Neepawa Corps.
 ENSIGN ANNIE HAYES, Regina, to Devil's Lake Corps and District.
 Capt. Glover to Bismarck.
 Capt. Orego to Trenton.
 Capt. Owen to Sunbury.
 Capt. Brown to Perth.
 Capt. Sleeth to Prescott.
 Lieut. Habbkirk to Bismarck.
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.



The Siege.

Gathering Force.

Again we are able to report an increase in the enthusiasm, energy and direct results of the Siege during the past week. The Commissioner's meetings in Newfoundland have set our forces on the island blazing with white-hot zeal, and all previous records have been eclipsed. From Provincial centre, District Officers and corps of all grades, messages have come which unmistakably indicate that the Siege tactics are being carried out with telling effect. This is as it should be. We have light on our side, and, although in carnal warfare brute force often triumphs over a righteous cause, yet, in our spiritual warfare we know it to be an indis-

putable fact that Right always triumphs. Watch, therefore, the devil's gates; under cover of darkness his spies will sneak about, to find out your weak points, and it is there where the enemy will attack you. We say again, watch, pray, and keep at it!

A Challenge to the Drink Demon.

We threw down the gauntlet to King Alcohol when the Salvation Army was started by the General, and have never even considered a truce with him, but during Drink Week we must fight him more desperately than ever before. During the past week we have had a united effort for the improvement of our machinery for warring the children for God, and so prevent the making of drunkards; this week we want to have a desperate rally all along the line to unmake drunkards. Let us hunt up in every conceivable manner, button-hole and bring to the meetings the slaves of strong drink, and if the lines laid down in the Hand-Book are carefully and intelligently followed, the liberation of these victims on a gigantic scale should be the result. From the human side of it, our success will depend altogether on the amount of hard work and thought put into the effort.

Make Use of the Cry.

This edition contains material for two interesting meetings: I.—The Commissioner's, which should be read on the Sunday afternoon (see Notes to Officers on this page). II.—A Service of Song on page 5. This was announced in the Hand-Book as "Phantoms," but for plausible reasons that subject has been reserved for another occasion, when we shall be able to print it as an entirely novel and unique service. Will Officers note that the Service of Song is intended for Monday, Feb. 27th, not the 26th, as mentioned in the Hand-Book.

EASTERN SIEGE WIRE.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 11, '99.

The War Cry,
 Salvation Temple,
 Toronto.

BRIGADIER PUGHIRE HAS JUST CONDUCTED MOST PROFITABLE FOUR DAYS' STAFF AND FIELD COUNCILS. OVER NINETY OFFICERS PRESENT. SIEGE, JUNIOR WAR, AND PUBLICATION SYSTEM RECEIVED SPECIAL ATTENTION. OFFICERS ENTHUSIASTIC, AND CAN BE RELIED UPON TO PUSH

THE LATEST FROM THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld, Feb. 9, 1899.

Indescribable meetings at Carbonear, Brigus and Bay Roberts. We had the largest halls packed an hour before commencement of meetings, in spite of the admission charges. Great crowds turned away. Prayer meetings extremely difficult, owing to the fact that aisles were blocked with the crowds staying right through the meetings. Officers and soldiers are full of Heaven's electric fire. Officers and soldiers are praying, singing, shouting and believing for the salvation of the whole island. They are a precious and devoted lot. Thirty-two souls at the penitent-form. Newfoundland forever!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

LATEST WIRE!

ST. JOHNS, Nfld, Feb. 10.

Field Commissioner's Tour around Bay was a gigantic success and excelled her previous visit. Halls far too small. Soul-stirring addresses. Captivates audiences. Children take immense. Packed buildings till midnight. Crowd welcomed Commissioner at station. British Hall packed long before meeting. Admission ten cents. Souls at every place. Soldiers all on fire. Siege Booming.

J. D. SHARP.

NOTE TO OFFICERS.

Respecting the Reading of the Field Commissioner's Article.

Officers should, if at all possible, arrange for three different people to read the Field Commissioner's article, "Drink's Triple Trail," each person to read one of the parts marked: Drink's World, Drink's Work, and Drink's Woe.

It will considerably add to the effect of the reading to introduce a song at the end of each section. The following songs will be appropriate:

To be sung when the first part, "Drink's World," has been read:
 SOLO.
 To the front, the cry is ringing,
 To the front, your place is there,
 In the conflict men are wanted,
 Men of hope, and faith, and prayer,
 Scoldish ends shall claim no right
 From the battle's post to take us,
 Fear shall vanish in the fight,
 For triumphant God shall make us.

Chorus.
 No retreating, hell defeating,
 Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
 God looks down, with glory crowns
 Our conquering band.

To sung at the conclusion of the second part, "Drink's Work":

SOLO.
 Have you heard the voice of weeping,
 Have you heard the wall of woe,
 Have you seen the fearful reaping,
 Of a soul that sinks below?
 Round, then, who by Christ are freed,
 Heed, oh, heed the world's great
 need,
 To save the lost, like Him Who saved
 you,
 Forward speed!

Chorus.
 With sword and shield, etc.
 Slag the verse marked in the text of the last part between the reading, and at the conclusion let all join in the singing of the following:
 See the brazen hosts of hell,
 Art and power employing;
 More than human tongue can tell,
 Blood-bought souls destroying,
 Hark! from rills' ghastly road,
 Victims groan beneath their load,
 Forward! oh, ye sons of God,
 And dare or die for Jesus.

Chorus.
 Storm the forts of darkness,
 Bring them down, bring them down,
 Storm the forts of darkness,
 Bring them down, bring them down,
 Pull down Satan's kingdom where'er
 he holds dominion;
 Go, storm the forts of darkness,
 Bring them down,
 Glory, honor to the Lamb!
 Praise and power to the Lamb!
 Glory, honor, praise and power
 Be forever to the Lamb!

FORWARD THE WAR THROUGH-
 OUT THE PROVINCE. BUILDING
 PACKED AT PUBLIC MEETINGS.
 MUSICAL FESTIVAL AND CHILD-
 REN'S DRILL CAPTIVATED THE
 AUDIENCE. COMMISSIONING
 SERVICE THURSDAY. VERY IM-
 PRESSIVE. UNITED HOLINESS
 CONVENTION FRIDAY. THIRTY-
 TWO FOR PARDON AND CLEAN-
 ING. BRIGADIER MARVELLOUS-
 LY SUSTAINED BY GOD. ALL
 PLEDGE LOVE AND LOYALTY TO
 COMMISSIONER AND FLAG.—Major
 Collier.

SIEGE SPECIAL.

Splendid Sunday at West Toronto
 Junction. Major Hargrave and En-
 sign Burrows and Green led the at-
 tack. Meetings good and interesting,
 night, full house. Two Seniors and
 seven Juniors for salvation. First soul
 since opening, a boy 13 years of age,
 saved last Thursday and doing well.
 Victory is coming.

Liftings.

The Field Commissioner will most
 likely be able to fill her Eastern ap-
 pointments, unless a delay of the boat
 on her return journey details her.

Quebec was to be honored with a
 visit from our beloved leader on Tues-
 day, February 21st. It appears that
 there will be no postponement re-
 quired.

The Territorial Secretary is spend-
 ing his week ends in profitable service.
 Glowing reports of his various visits
 reach us, and everywhere he has had
 very successful meetings. God bless
 Lieut.-Colonel Murgetts!

Brigadier Complin and his Depart-
 ment, supplemented by one or two
 other H. Q. officers, conducted a series
 of special meetings at Peterboro,
 which have been exceptionally stir-
 ring and interesting. Large crowds
 turned out to all services; finances
 were exceedingly good, and a number
 of souls found purity and pardon.

OTTAWA.—We have been favored
 by a visit from Adjt. Wiseman, the
 Financial Special, who led the meet-
 ings Sunday, 22nd, also Ensign Parker,
 the new G. B. M. Agent, paid us his
 first visit during the week, and last,
 but not least, our Provincial leader,
 Brigadier Bennett, arrived on Satur-
 day. Received a royal welcome. Brig-
 adier conducted all meetings here on
 Sunday. Afternoon subject "Skin of
 your teeth." Evening subject, "Fools
 and their folly." On Monday night
 Brigadier led a half-night of prayer.
 Grand meetings, the result of which
 may be a harvest of souls and the ex-
 tension of God's Kingdom.



DRINK'S WORLD.

ITS paths, inlaid with snare and ruin, run from the highest and most cultured places of our most enlightened lands, down through the darkest alleys of poverty and pauperism, and into the lowest vaults of infamy and vice. There is no thoroughfare so wide, no hut so desolate, no cave so hidden, no nation so fair, no strand so laden with disastrous wreck, but where the heavy tread of this monster, Drink, with either the wail of destruction in its tramp, or with its venomous sting hidden by its deluding glare, has been heard in its funeral march.

It dwells in marble halls; the most gorgeous tapestry bedecks its chambers; the walls through which it glides are spacious and imposing; it is no stranger to the art of the most beautiful—skill, the most elaborate; the floors over which its stealthy feet glide are often marble, the ceilings of gilded fretwork, the frescoed walls upon which it casts its shadows are of mahogany and satinwood; its blazing gas-jets in globes of dainty hues hang from massive brackets; its ear is accustomed to the sweetest strains of most cultured music, into which it will only too surely introduce all the dirges of minor keys; its envious eye rests with ravishing greed upon the beauteous form of fairest creature, and the most elegant spread of glorious nature, and most artistic skill displayed in picture, with thirst to cast its blight on all.

INFANTICIDE AND SUICIDE.

A lady, extravagantly dressed, holding by the hand a sweet little boy of some six years, also displaying all taste and plenty in his attire, accompanied by a nurse with a fair baby of six months in her arms, attended one of my more select meetings in the Old Country.

She seemed to take something of a fancy to me, and waited to speak to me at the conclusion of the meeting. I felt some affinity with her—perhaps it was the hidden sorrow, of which I knew nothing, drew in an imperceptible way upon my sympathy. But we talked happily over a cup of tea, in the vestry; I kissed the children, prayed with them, and blessed them.

We met occasionally after this. I was to have gone to her home, but never found the time. She frequently sent the little boy to see me, and the only thing that impressed me strangely was when asking of his father, the nurse became very agitated, and would change the conversation. One night, at the conclusion of a large meeting, to my surprise, I found the nurse sitting in the lobby, with a face white as death. I asked why she did not come into the meeting, and enquired the reason of her being out with the boy at such a late hour; she burst into bitter weeping; I could get no response to my questions. Turning to the boy, I asked if his mother was sick. He replied:

"No! Nurse cries because mother has gone away with baby."

Then the girl, burying her head in her hands, said: "Oh! my mistress has gone to jail."

"To jail?" I gasped.

"Yes! she has killed the baby; she put laudanum in its milk by mistake—she was drunk."

A letter afterwards told me she had committed suicide. Yes! they fall as a star from the very heavens—to a cinder in hell.

But drink stays not there. It sits at the hearth of the humbler home; it gazes with hideous smile upon the honest toil for bread; it creeps up-stairs; it glitters on the table in the little festivities of the happy home, lurking behind the damnable argument of the harmlessness of moderate drinking, while with hungering designs it lays its plans with

careful calculation as to the little time it will take to snatch the pretty blue frock from the little form, and the pretty pink flush from the little cheek, the good warm boots from the little feet, the carpet from the floor, and the clock from the shelf; the gladness from the mother's eye, and the honor from the father's heart; the bread from the cupboard, and the fire from the grate.

But drink stays not there! Through the courts and alleys its blood-besmeared feet hasten with a rapidity only lent to absolute and complete destruction; down into the cellars, up into the garrets; hid away in sheds; in any and every hole that can shelter want and woe are to be found crawling, standing, sitting, leaning, kneeling, treading the slaves and victims of this dark passion—*Drink!* Their faces are

drawn with agony; their reasons distorted with crime; their names are blighted with shame; their homes are gone; their characters are gone—all over the counter for beer, all into the hotel-keeper's till, all into the brewer's pocket.

But Drink stays not here. It is the shadow behind the garish foot-lights of the stage. It is the demon glare thrown into the brilliancy of the ball-room. It is the frenzied fascination of the gambling-table. Its playthings are the fair babes of our cradles; its merriment the tears of our wronged and bereaved; its sport the haunted consciences of wretched men, and the delirious wanderings of maddened minds; its nature the blood of its victims.

Its sky is blackened with the pall of death; its rivers a multitude of fallen tears; its atmosphere thickened with the wail of suffering. *Drink is a Dragon* thirsting for human blood! *It is a Monster* with a rabid lust for human life! *It is a Pestilence* which paralyzes the will, bewilders the brain! *It is a Flame*, scorching and withering all it touches! It is the most active, the most powerful, the most successful enemy of the soul, for it is not one sin, it is *all!* crushing the old, cursing the young, and blighting even the children.

The Demon of Drink says with Napoleon: "Give me the children, and I will conquer the world."

DRINK'S WORK.



It is gradual. Almost all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. There has never been known a man who has intended to be mastered by this power. The supposed harmlessness of the one glass has been the damnation of body and soul for a thousand times ten thousand men. Oh, this tasting of father's glass with the children, this having it in the cupboard, this countenancing and patronizing in part of what on the whole is a world-wide traffic of destruction, has just been the lighting of the fires which have consumed three parts of earth's best and brightest.

Of all arguments which to my mind are the most base in their gross distortions of natural reason, their contradiction of all conscience-dictates, and annihilation of all manly honor, are those which would plead in favor of drink in moderation, as though the fact of taking the death-drug in small quantities could change its nature—which nature is restless, untiring pursuit until all is devoured and destroyed.

*Is Hell Heaven, because Hell
In little drops be given?*

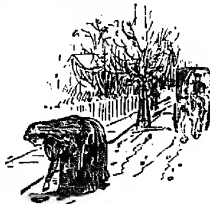
Oh, the thousands of young men who start with no greater desire or intention than to be in the fashion—they take the first glass in the high-class hotels of the city, but they have linked hands with the monster; the grasp becomes tighter and tighter, until the touch of the friend is lost in the grip of the fiend. Listen! The clock strikes twelve! It is the death-knell of a soul; the gas-jets intermingling their lights with the bleared glare of the youth; the flush of his cheek is the breath of eternal woe. The saloon-keeper cuffs him, waking him from his drunken slumber, says it is time to close, throws him out—he's down—he's damned! He began a moderate drinker in a first-class hotel—he finishes his dissipation an inveterate drunkard in the lowest saloon.

Banish the drink both in small and great quantities! Banish it from your homes, from your children, from your wives, from your tables, from your cities, and God helping you, from this our fair country.

FIVE YEARS' WORK.

One of my officers was driving through one of the border streets in a city of this country.

Attention was drawn to a tall, slight figure on the sidewalk; a woman, who wore widows' weeds; her attire gave evidence of a continual effort to retain neatness. The skirt was brushed threadbare, the boots were patched, the little bonnet was extremely worn. The figure halted, gave a quick look round, then stooped and snatched from the gutter a crust—then another



"The figure stooped . . . and snatched from the gutter a crust."

look round, and holding up her shawl to prevent all possible detection, began to gnaw away at the frozen bread.

The officer drew up the rig and sprang to her side saying, "You are hungry and in want. Can I help you?"

Her story was soon told. What a happy home, what a loving husband; what a beautiful baby she had once! "My lover, my sweetheart, my husband, my protector, my supporter, and my baby all carried away by the drink, sir—in five short years."

My honored and sainted mother, in her writings, speaks about the drink traffic as follows:—

"But not only is abstinence valuable, nay, indispensable, in order to preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally valuable to prevent others from falling into it."

We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure. Seeing, then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of declension, inconsistency and apostasy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced from touching it?

Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbor's mouth—be it ever such a small one, or ever such a gentled one? God has recorded His curse against the man who does this, and thousands of hoary-haired parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children groan their 'Amen' to the dreadful sentence.

Perchance there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation, and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!"

It is complete! I was just about ready to leave a city lately visited by me, when a lady stepping from a carriage was ushered into my room. Her countenance was of exceptional beauty, her apparel was of costly worth, her speech denoted education and refinement; putting out her hand she said, "My apology for taking up your time, Miss Booth, was my anxiety to speak to the only woman that has ever made me cry, and this I did all through your address last night." A few minutes' talk revealed the reason of the hot tears referred to.

The story ran much on all those things which used to be—loving home, beautiful nursery, the mother's care, the gentle training, the happy marriage, and then—always having been a moderate drinker—drink in greater quantities was the only receipt for relief from the grief and unexpected sorrow. And with bated breath and staring eye, she whispered, "It is the drink, Miss Booth! It has driven my husband from me, locked up my children in the convent, spent my fortune; it has shut the doors of my home, blasted my character, robbed my virtue—and now I am down: past the reach of any man, and even God Himself." And she gathered her cloak around her, and before I could speak she said, "I must go: you may tell my story to as many as you like—it may save some other creature who is as fair as I once was fair, from becoming as black as I now am black."

I say the work of drink is complete. It not only throws overboard every enjoyable feature of circumstances—running with the library and instruments to the pawnbrokers, but what is much more to be prized—he strips the subject himself of his priceless treasure—puts his hand down on reason and turns it into imbecility—puts his hand down on honor—honor with which none can part without bitter agony—and turns it to shame; puts its hand down on truth and turns it to craft and falsehood; puts its hand down on beauty and so mars, scars, tears and hacks until no trace of loveliness can be found.

It stays not at taking the bloom from the cheek, but goes on until the death breezes fan it; it stays not at bent back, round shoulders, curved spine, and fractured limbs, but goes on until it lays the body in the grave. Complete in its ruin of body, soul and mind!

I knew of a garret absolutely empty, but for the suffering form of a drunken woman and a few rags.

The birth of the baby boy that morning brought with it no maternal affection, but only the fervent prayer that it would die; not a rag was prepared for the unwelcome mite; its first bath was in the boiler, and its first covering part of an old garment torn from the back of his little sister. However, the poor little babe persisted in living, in spite of these unwelcome circumstances, and nine days afterwards appeared with its mother in the county court.

The fact of the matter was that all the furniture had gone to meet the infuriated demands of the unpaid landlord, but did not nearly satisfy the amount due.

"How can you pay this account?" asked the judge of the woman. Diving her hands underneath the tattered shawl which covered her otherwise bare shoulders, she drew forth her naked babe, and holding it forth at her pony arm's length said, "You can take this if you like!"

The woman afterwards was heard to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin'!"

DRINK'S WOE.



WHO can tell its story? What pen could write its tale? What heart could cry the griefs of drink and woe?

Look at this procession if we can. Let God touch our imagination and help us to do so.

Their tread is ever languid, their faces never smile; their hearts are ever bleeding. Each day for them but brings new curses—new brutality—new hunger—new fear, and new dread.

If they pray, then with every awakening morning and every setting sun they ask God, the Creator, by pity of the sorrow, to number them with the dead.

A crowded court in

Toronto—this city—in the prisoner's box stands a forlorn and desperate looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman.

No small consternation is caused by a police official carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witnesses stand.

The tiny hand clinging to the strong fingers of a stalwart constable is that of a baby witness, only four years old, whose little frail form is lifted up on the chair. You might have thought the sunlight concentrated all its golden glory in the ringlets of the hair, the skin was of snowy complexion, the features pinched with want, but correctly marked, and the eyes two large windows for the soul to look through.

Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoner's dock. She had been swung round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to show the wounds, a proof of the story.

"Did your mother do this?" the child was asked. The lips parted to answer in the affirmative, when the little face was lifted to the pitiable object opposite her. Seeing the woman standing between two big policemen, she took in her mother's woeful position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge with a trembling quiver in the baby lips, and the wound plainly showing in her head, she said, "No sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!"

What a revision of God's loving purposes! A four-year old baby shielding and pleading for its mother!

This is not in a heathen land; this is in our own. This is in no barbarous country—this is on our doorstep; it runs through our streets. They are our own fair girls and our brave sons who sink beneath this dark tide, and are drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool!

Do I believe it? Yes, not only because I've heard so much of it, but because I've seen so much of it.

Why, only just near my own office, a little time back, in this beautiful city, a father killed his own son by driving the tailor's scissors into his heart. He was drunk. When sober, and told what he had done, he lost his reason with grief. Does it not behoove us, as Christian men and women, should it not compel our churches where the word of God is upheld, where righteousness is contended for, and solace of all grief proclaimed, should it not constrain us as a Christian country to arise, and equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth and Righteousness with irresistible perseverance, strike out at the enemy in season and out of season, with a force which springs from the knowledge of this sin, and from the accumulated wrongs, oppressions, griefs, sorrows, tears of Drink's Woe?

DAISY.

Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you for supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

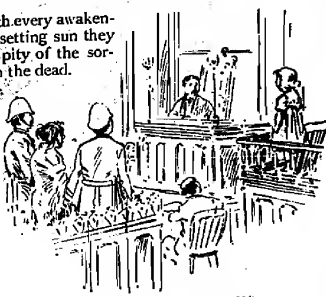
"And what d'yer want for them flowers, little 'un?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a look-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to restrain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents! A gentleman gave it to me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother, holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately, the father is there. He has heard the words "ten cents," and demands that the money be given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.



"A baby witness, only four years old."



"A lady was ushered into my room."



"You can take this, if you like."



"What d'yer want for them flowers?"

"Give me that money," cries the child, "No! no!" screams the child, buy her something to eat. I've got

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot of—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles down stairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, yer might have thought the little 'un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, but know; no worth," pointing to the figure were just to give her somethin'; I more; she looked so pitiful and her mother was sick; anyway, I never can't get the sight on her out of my

The drunken father stayed no longer, but turned conscience-stricken the throb of an Army drum and the attention. Not knowing whither to the barracks; the meeting goes on prays with him; somebody cries out

All the waters of the sea
But Thy precious blood
Jesus, Jesus, while o'er me
Thou canst receive me at

The man gets soundly covered tells his wife the story. He is never

APOLLYON'S AUCTION.

By ENSIGN FERRY.

THE devil has an auction which is continually going on. It is a miscellaneous one, for everything is sold that will catch the eye and please the fancy. These things are eagerly bought by the assembled crowd that always attends the sale. The devil has scattered among the crowd a large number of agents orimps, who are continually whispering in the ears of his would-be patrons such words of encouragement to buy, that sales are much more easily made.

The devil is a good auctioneer. How easily he puts on a false representation regarding his offered goods. Strange to say, the fascination is such that people who have once been defrauded will again buy in hope of getting a bargain.

Ah, methinks I see the devil now as he mounts the auctioneer's stand, with his attendingimps about him, and begins a sale.

A Lot of Liquor

is first handed up to him. He offers it by the case or bottle.

Holding up a bottle of whiskey first he asks for a bid. Does he hear one? Yes, in a moment. It's a young man who buys it. Forty cents it has cost him, says the crowd, and the devil puts up another one. But has forty cents been the real price? No, a thousand times, no! It has been infinitely more.

Could you unravel that young man's future you would see what has been the real cost. An appetite for strong drink has been created, for it is his first bottle; then follow all the evils of a drunkard's life—a mother's broken heart, the bringing of others into misery by marriage, broken health, early grave and a lost soul. What a price to pay for one bottle of whiskey!

I glance towards the auctioneer's stand again. I see the devil now offering

A Lot of Novels

for sale. He has them in stacks by the stand. His agents pass them up to him as quickly as the people will buy. How readily they sell too. First is offered one with a striking title. A young girl is the first bidder. Thirty cents is the amount the people standing round have seen her give for it. She elbows her way out of the crowd to

cy? What pen could write its
rt could cry the griefs of drink
occasion if we can. Let God
nd help us to do so.
anguish, their faces never smile;
eding. Each day for them but
y brutality—new hunger—new



Witness, only four years old.

ingers of a stalwart constable
old, whose little frail form is
thought the sunlight concen-
of the hair, the skin was of
ith want, but correctly marked,
oul to look through.
as the child of the woman in
g round and round by the hair,
ought to show the wounds, a

ld was asked. The lips parted
le face was lifted to the pitiable
n standing between two big
l position, and lifting her large
in the baby lips, and the
id. "No sir; my mother never

poses! A four-year old baby
s in our own. This is in no
; it runs through our streets.
sons who sink beneath this
of this whirlpool!
ise I've heard so much of it,

little time back, in this beauti-
iving the tailors' scissors into
and told what he had done, he
ove us, as Christian men and
s where the word of God is
or, and solace of all grief pro-
ristian country to arise, and
ruth and Righteousness with
enemy in season and out of
e knowledge of this sin, and
ns, griefs, sorrows, tears of

orm—a daisy in a slum, per-
pinched features, pale cheek,
p the rickety stairway of the
mother, who plied her needle
orning, holds up a bunch of
ow I can sell them for some-
head and naked feet stand a-
night, but no one buys. At
e child, asks:



"What do you want for them flowers?"

ouched
uplifted,
thought
e child
the fingers
er joy,
e, calls

teman
l them.
liting."
e has
s that the money be given
the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cries the father.
"No! no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to
buy her something to eat. I've got it—its my own, for mamma!"

The man, enraged with drunken
fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep
money from your father," lifts up his
foot—a man's foot—with a boot on
—a man's boot, and kicks the little
figure against the opposite wall of
the garret, which is splashed with her
blood. He snatches the coin from
the now unconscious fingers, and the
monster of brutality stumbles down-
stairs, heedless of where his heavy
boot has fallen, into the nearest
saloon. He turns just as the man
behind the bar is saying:



"And kicks the little figure against the opposite wall."

"Why, yer might have thought
the little un had got wings fixed on
there and then; she simply flew, bare feet, too; 'twern't the flowers, you
know; no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but
'twere just to give her somethin'; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her
more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her
mother was sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I
can't get the sight on her out of my eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversa-
tion, but turned conscience-smitten into the street. Just at that moment
the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted
attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into
the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody
prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,
But Thy precious blood can do the deed to-day;
Jesus, Jesus, while o'er my sins I grieve,
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe.*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries home up the stairs,
tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more! he says.

APOLLYON'S AUCTION.

By ENSIGN PEIRY.

THE devil has an auction which is
continually going on. It is a
miscellaneous one, for everything
is sold that will catch the eye and
please the fancy. These things are
eagerly bought by the assembled
crowd that always attends the sale.
The devil has scattered among the
crowd a large number of angels or
imps, who are continually whispering
in the ears of his would-be patrons
such words of encouragement to buy,
that sales are much more easily made.
The devil is a good auctioneer. How
easily he puts on a false representa-
tion regarding his offered goods.
Strange to say, the fascination is such
that people who have once been de-
frauded will again buy in hope of
getting a bargain.
Ah, methinks I see the devil now as
he mounts the auctioneer's stand,
with his attending imps about him,
and begins a sale.

A Lot of Liquor

is first handed up to him. He offers it
by the case or bottle.
Holding up a bottle of whiskey first
he asks for a bid. Does he hear one?
Yes, in a moment. It's a young man
who buys it. Forty cents it has cost
him, says the crowd, and the devil
puts up another one. But has forty
cents been the real price? No, a
thousand times, no! It has been in-
finitely more.

Could you unveil that young man's
future you would see what has been
the real cost. An appetite for strong
drink has been created, for it is his
first bottle; then follow all the evils
of a drunkard's life—a mother's broken
heart, the bringing of others into
misery by marriage, broken health,
early grave and a lost soul. What a
price to pay for one bottle of whis-
key!

I glance towards the auctioneer's
stand again. I see the devil now offer-
ing

A Lot of Novels

for sale.
He has them in stacks by the stand.
His agents pass them up to him as
quickly as the people will buy. How
readily they sell too. First is offered
one with a striking title. A young
girl is the first bidder. Thirty cents
is the amount the people standing
round have seen her give for it. She
elbows her way out of the crowd to

have a comfortable read. One stand-
ing near say, "What a lot of comfort
she will have from it." It is her first
novel, and what really has she paid
for it? Thirty cents is but the first
cost. A passion for novel reading has
been created before she is half through
the book. Then what follows? Late
hours, wrecked health, inability to
settle the mind to solid literature,
neglect of daily duties, neglect of God,
a lost soul—all for a novel!
What next do I see passed up for
sale?

A Pack of Cards

"How much am I offered?" says the
devil, and the imps echo the words
to those standing at the outskirts of
the crowd who may not have caught
them from the auctioneer. A pack of
cards; yes, there is a bid right off.
Who is it? A middle-aged man.
The price is paid to the attending
imp, and the man leaves, to be follow-
ed by several others, for a man doesn't
play cards alone. The people say he
has given twenty-five cents for the
cards, but let us see. He is a gambler,
his associates gamblers. That very
night around a table in a secret place
the playing and gambling begins.
The betting money is placed in the hands
of the stakeholder. Each one is an-
xious to win.

What about the man who bought
the cards? Ah, he has lost, lost again,
now gained a trifle, now lost again.
Finally he finds himself ruined. He
thinks of his true-hearted wife and
loving children at home. He can't
tell them of his failure. No, no! He
takes out his revolver and then in a
pool of blood he is seen upon the
floor—life gone, soul lost—the price
of the cards.

Now I find myself looking again at
the auctioneer. What next is passed
up to him? It is two nicely-trimmed
fashionable hats.

"Finery, Finery, Finery."

shows the devil. "How much am I
offered for these hats?" How the
women look! What eager eyes are
cast towards the becoming objects.
What do I hear? A little imp
whispering in the ear of a young
woman. "Just what you want, Miss
See the blinding of color. Just suit
your complexion. The right shade of
green to match that dark red. You
must buy it before it goes."

"I've the money," replied the young
lady, "but I really want it for other
things, and can't afford the hat."
"But," says the imp, "you must
keep up your appearance in dress, and
that is an easy way I know of get-
ting money."

With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it,
she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on
the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.
"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."
The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come
here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping. I have heard
all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa.
I don't mind losing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma.
I would lose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side,
and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing
where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't
know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? you know,
like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm
unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness held up the little
form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of
pain rang through the garret:

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright!
There music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which
the child spake, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold
in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in
life. The little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open
the flood-gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeem-
ing grace.

Strike out at Drink, this giant foe of virtue and peace with a hand
that will not stay, and a heart that will not relent, and feet that will not
halt until we have driven the enemy without our gates, and our land
stands an example of sobriety and happiness in the front rank of all
the countries of the world.

Soon the hat is knocked down to the
desiring girl. "It cost ten dollars and
we will see her out in it to-morrow."
say her friends. She passes home, and
try to estimate the real cost of the
hat.

The young girl takes the imp's ad-
vice and sells her virtue, for she must
appear nice. Life seems gay. She
thinks in fashion. "How can she do
it?" says her criticizing companions,
but soon it is all out. Her character
is gone. A fearful price is paid for
the hat. Friends shun her, parents
cast her off. Life's gaiety becomes a
past enjoyment, disease takes hold—
then a dark dying hour, with no lov-
ing mother to soothe the dying pillow.

Bitter remorse—death—a lost soul!
But what about the other hat? A
middle-aged woman is the buyer.
Fifteen dollars it has cost. No, no,
exceedingly more, for she has bought
other hats at similar auction sales,
and this is only a part of the long
list of extravagant expenditure. Who
pays for the fifteen dollar hats? The
poor husband who is trying to keep
his head above water and meet the
demands of his fashionable family.
He is a book-keeper and not getting an
extra-large salary. His family must
look as nice as that of his employer's,
and the money must come from some-
where. The husband tries to banish
the thought of becoming a defaulter;
but, no, it can't be otherwise. He'll
be ruined if he don't. He must run
the risk and take the money. It is
done, and soon it is found out. Pen-
tentary and disgrace follow—this is
the real price of the hat, and other
things similarly bought. It does cost
a lot to nurture pride, which is one of
the things the Lord hates.

Next I see an imp leading some-
thing up towards the crowd. What is
it? It cannot be brought on the
auction stand, but it stands by itself,
in full view of the people,

A Fine Race Horse

"Somebody make me a bid," cries
the devil, and fifteen hundred dollars
is shouted by a certain individual.
"What, mister?" says an imp close
at hand. "You don't know the value
of that horse; she is just the right
age, and a runner, too. I saw her
bring in a man \$500 the other day at
a race. She is really worth two thou-
sand, and you'll soon get it back."

"Eighteen hundred," cries a contem-
porary, which stirs up the afore-
mentioned individual to offer two
thousand. The horse is sold to him
and led off by an imp to the buyer's
stable.
The race day comes. The two
thousand dollar horse is brought forth.

Certainly she is going to win. The
owner has placed a goodly sum at her
back, but—she loses. Someone has
a swifter horse. He tries again, but
is beaten. He has to draw heavily
from his income. He has already
paid out in betting one thousand
dollars more. He has, as well, ne-
glected his business, his family, and
worse of all, his immortal soul. "Do
dear a price do you say? Infinitely
too dear."

"What next?" says the devil to his
attending agent.

"Books, infidel books, sir, nice ones,

From the Best Authors."

"Now we have it," says the devil.
"Infidel works, singly or by the lot;
make me a bid."
A young man stands before him.
He can't buy the lot, so bids on one.
The dollar he has paid—but wait, is
that the real price? No, only the first
cost. Let us look at the future. The
young man's belief in God's wisdom
and love first becomes shaken. He
sees flaws in the Bible. Why hadn't
he seen them before? He says:

"I'm not going to be weak enough
to follow mother's teachings any
longer. It was right for her, it was
comforting in her last hours, but I'm
a man, and I'm going to be free,
a follower of Ingersoll."

Let us lift the veil. What is life to
him? He tries to banish all hell
in God, but can't. Then follows dis-
sipation in the extreme. He finally
takes a life—gallows next—then a
stern realization of hell's tortures.
What a price for a few pages of in-
fidel notions!

Time is passing, I cannot stay long-
er at the sale, but as I pass out I hear
the devil offering some tickets for
worldly pleasure—a ticket to the Sun-
day excursion, a ticket to a theatre, a
ticket to a dancing school. I hear the
fiddlers, and then the imps shouting
out that the people have made good
bargains.

Then I go home to think of the cost

—THE COST—would interests forfeit-
ed, lives blighted, God's laws disre-
garded, all at the expense of the soul.
Then I take up the Bible and read in
St. Matthew:

"What is a man profited if he shall gain the
whole world and lose his own soul?"

"I'm quite sure that God meant
us to constantly bear in mind
that life is short, opportunity fleeting,
the soul immortal, the destinies of the
soul deeply colored, if not forever
fixed by the actions of to-day." Far-
ther.

(Continued from page 7.)

encouraged by the assurance of reward in the future.

They are a plucky, cheerful, loyal, Blood-and-Fire lot, which accounts largely for the triumphs that have been recorded through years of faithful service.

Our Loyal Troops.

"Hard fighting makes good soldiers" it is said. This may be the secret of the sterling fighting qualities of the officers and soldiers of this old battle-field. The accomplishments of this gallant force in the annual financial efforts, War Cry boom, Siege, etc., give ample evidence of their prowess and valor. When one remembers that in the 40 places where regular operations are carried on, the combined population is scarcely more than that of the City of Toronto itself, and then looks at the record afforded by the monthly statistics, one is forced to the conclusion that the days of miracles are not past.

Our Local Officers and bandmen are a source of strength to the work, and are fine examples, as a rule, in enthusiasm, loyalty and hard work.

223 Saved Drunkards.

With a view to obtaining information we have made enquiries as to the number of habitual drunkards who have been converted in the Province, with the following result:

223 cases.—Arrested 721 times, and 454 times fined or imprisoned; spent 3,436 years in drunkenness, and 2,000 in sobriety and industry since converted. Instead of being a burden to the country, the reprobates are relieved by the fact that 140 of the above are now taxpayers. These figures are from 33 corps, the balance not sending their replies in time. These figures are far from complete, as in some cases records have been lost, while a good deal of work not recorded have been done at outposts, etc., and there has also been a large number of "transients." Thus it would be absolutely safe to double these figures, and then your readers will only have a fair idea of what God has used the Army to accomplish in a population of less than 200,000, and the bulk of which professes, at least, adherence to some church, and perhaps the majority are actually church members.

Of the above figures 23 have died, and were buried, with a few exceptions, "neath the yellow, red and blue." 147 are soldiers to-day. 33 have gone to other denominations, of which some are earnest workers, and hold responsible positions in the church. These figures represent our work among ONE CLASS only.

Advances.

ANNUAL EFFORTS.—The Harvest Festival has gone up year by year, until the total of \$2,250 was reached in 1898.

The Self-Denial effort also has gradually increased year by year, having reached the magnificent total of \$3,798 in 1898.

War Cry sales.—These have also increased in a most marked manner. The Province sells about a thousand more copies weekly than it did a year ago, which, with its weekly circulation of over 5,000, means three copies to every 100 of the population, and reckoning five readers to each, means that the Cry is read by 15 persons in every hamlet—or read by 25,000 persons in West Ontario every week.

The J. S. and other features of the work are making advances, and the officers and soldiers are taking hold of the Siege in a spirit that will mark the most striking advances we have yet recorded.

1,392 SOULS HAVE PROFESSED CONVERSION DURING THE YEAR.

The Rescue Home.

Considering the population the work in this institution is most remarkable and successful. The following figures speak for themselves:

In Home commenced in year, 13; Number admitted during year and readmitted from hospital, 65; Total, 78.

How disposed of: Sent to friends, 15; sent to hospital, 16; sent to institutions, 31; mar-

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON.

JOSEPH, THE FAVORITE.

Genesis xxxvii. 1-11.

His brothers envied him. Joseph was the pet of Jacob, for he was the first-born of Rachel, the wife he had loved so constantly, and possibly there was much resemblance between Joseph and Rachel. Their Joseph had inherited from his mother a tender, guileless and truthful spirit. He was doubtless superior in many ways to his brethren and they envied him. Although Jacob was perhaps too partial to Joseph, yet his brethren, being older, had no just cause to conceive such an envy for their younger brother. But it is always so with an unregenerated heart, which will not tolerate even a just and well-earned recognition given to a better man.

Joseph was an innocent boy, too little acquainted with evil thought and calculating suspicion to notice that the telling of his peculiar dreams and the special marks of affection and preference given to him by his father would arouse envy and jealousy in his brethren's heart. They could not even "speak peaceably unto him." Envy makes a person's conduct disagreeable; it poisons the mind, ebbs the heart, making it even less susceptible of true affection for any human being.

Yet affection for a good, obedient and gifted child may often lead to a very marked difference in the treatment of other children, who consider such slight as equal to actual contempt. The greatest cause of discord among brethren, however, is comparison.

"John would not do such a thing—John knows how to ask in a proper way—John is more modest than you," and so on. The other children are made to feel that there is a great reverence between the pet and them.

While Joseph, doubtless, was deserving of all the affectionate attention bestowed upon him by Jacob, yet it was

not conducive to the family peace, for it made Joseph hated by his brethren, and, if he had been a less sincere and pure-minded boy, might have given him an exaggerated conception of his own superiority that might have killed the sweet humility of his character, as it has been the case in many other instances.

Yet who could blame Jacob for loving a lad like Joseph was? He would have been the eye-apple of any parent. The modern Joseph is still hated by his brethren. The contrast between a pure and noble youth and the average young man of to-day is as great and as marked as night is from day, and can bear each other's company as little. The peculiar blessings which come to the obedient child of God are a source of aggravation to the unregenerated, who, nevertheless, might enjoy the same peace of mind, if they became equally obedient.

The boy who refuses to touch drink, resists the cigarette, refuses to join in debauchery and filthy conversation and eschews evil is called "white-livered," cowardly, unmanly, and "mother's boy," yet that very boy has doubtless shown greater strength of resistance under temptation, and enjoys greater freedom of action.

Let us not waste our time in bitter envy and jealousy of those who are more favored than ourselves, but let us remember that God's favor may be ours to the fullest extent, if we but are obedient to our conscience.

True riches are imperishable and are easily carried about in the heart, secure from thieves and moths, and bring no encumbrance to the possessor.

If envy approaches, remember that the road to the only favor worth striving for, the smile of God, is open to every one, and over its entrance is inscribed the password: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

ried, 1; handed back to authorities, 12; unsatisfactory, 3; still in Home, 12; Total, 78.

Staff-Capt. Cowan and her aides deserve every commendation for their patience and faithful toil.

Our Shelter.

Capt. Long has worked faithfully to make the institution a great credit to all who come within its walls. During the three months ending December, the following results are shown by the books:

Meals supplied, 1,546; beds, 2,614; temporary employment for 75 persons, and permanent employment for 7.

Properties.

We have 32 properties in this Province, several having the quarters combined with the barracks. The Citadel is admirably adapted to our purpose and is splendidly situated. The West Ontario Bible Society rents the one store, and the Shelter has the other. On the two flats upstairs are the Provincial Offices, Officers' Quarters, Chancellor's Quarters, Shelter dormitories, Shelter Officers' Quarters, etc. The large auditorium is at the rear, with small hall downstairs and Janitor's Quarters.

The new St. Thomas property follows for convenience and appearance, though by no means the most costly.

Our former esteemed Canadian commander, Brigadier and Mrs. Scott, are now just across the border. He is his greeting to old friends:

"How are you all? Happy New Year! God bless you! Love to Canada, its sons and daughters. Ta - ta. — W. T. Scott."

not conducive to the family peace, for it made Joseph hated by his brethren, and, if he had been a less sincere and pure-minded boy, might have given him an exaggerated conception of his own superiority that might have killed the sweet humility of his character, as it has been the case in many other instances.

Yet who could blame Jacob for loving a lad like Joseph was? He would have been the eye-apple of any parent. The modern Joseph is still hated by his brethren. The contrast between a pure and noble youth and the average young man of to-day is as great and as marked as night is from day, and can bear each other's company as little. The peculiar blessings which come to the obedient child of God are a source of aggravation to the unregenerated, who, nevertheless, might enjoy the same peace of mind, if they became equally obedient.

The boy who refuses to touch drink, resists the cigarette, refuses to join in debauchery and filthy conversation and eschews evil is called "white-livered," cowardly, unmanly, and "mother's boy," yet that very boy has doubtless shown greater strength of resistance under temptation, and enjoys greater freedom of action.

Let us not waste our time in bitter envy and jealousy of those who are more favored than ourselves, but let us remember that God's favor may be ours to the fullest extent, if we but are obedient to our conscience.

True riches are imperishable and are easily carried about in the heart, secure from thieves and moths, and bring no encumbrance to the possessor.

If envy approaches, remember that the road to the only favor worth striving for, the smile of God, is open to every one, and over its entrance is inscribed the password: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

ried, 1; handed back to authorities, 12; unsatisfactory, 3; still in Home, 12; Total, 78.

Staff-Capt. Cowan and her aides deserve every commendation for their patience and faithful toil.

Our Shelter.

Capt. Long has worked faithfully to make the institution a great credit to all who come within its walls. During the three months ending December, the following results are shown by the books:

Meals supplied, 1,546; beds, 2,614; temporary employment for 75 persons, and permanent employment for 7.

Properties.

We have 32 properties in this Province, several having the quarters combined with the barracks. The Citadel is admirably adapted to our purpose and is splendidly situated. The West Ontario Bible Society rents the one store, and the Shelter has the other. On the two flats upstairs are the Provincial Offices, Officers' Quarters, Chancellor's Quarters, Shelter dormitories, Shelter Officers' Quarters, etc. The large auditorium is at the rear, with small hall downstairs and Janitor's Quarters.

The new St. Thomas property follows for convenience and appearance, though by no means the most costly.

Our former esteemed Canadian commander, Brigadier and Mrs. Scott, are now just across the border. He is his greeting to old friends:

"How are you all? Happy New Year! God bless you! Love to Canada, its sons and daughters. Ta - ta. — W. T. Scott."

ried, 1; handed back to authorities, 12; unsatisfactory, 3; still in Home, 12; Total, 78.

Staff-Capt. Cowan and her aides deserve every commendation for their patience and faithful toil.

Our Shelter.

Capt. Long has worked faithfully to make the institution a great credit to all who come within its walls. During the three months ending December, the following results are shown by the books:

Meals supplied, 1,546; beds, 2,614; temporary employment for 75 persons, and permanent employment for 7.

Properties.

We have 32 properties in this Province, several having the quarters combined with the barracks. The Citadel is admirably adapted to our purpose and is splendidly situated. The West Ontario Bible Society rents the one store, and the Shelter has the other. On the two flats upstairs are the Provincial Offices, Officers' Quarters, Chancellor's Quarters, Shelter dormitories, Shelter Officers' Quarters, etc. The large auditorium is at the rear, with small hall downstairs and Janitor's Quarters.

The new St. Thomas property follows for convenience and appearance, though by no means the most costly.

Our former esteemed Canadian commander, Brigadier and Mrs. Scott, are now just across the border. He is his greeting to old friends:

"How are you all? Happy New Year! God bless you! Love to Canada, its sons and daughters. Ta - ta. — W. T. Scott."

WEDNESDAY.

The Servant Shall be as His Lord.—Matt. x. 25.

The highest honor that can be conferred upon the servant of Christ is to bear the reproach of the Cross. The more likeness that our lives bear to our Lord's, the more pronounced will be the attitude of the world be toward us. We cannot expect to receive better grace at His hands than He did. It may be that not only persecution, but apparent defeat may shadow our plans as it did His yet if conscientiously fulfilling His will we can afford to have the misrepresentations of the world, and though "now through a glass darkly," we look to the time when we shall see Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners "face to face."

THURSDAY.

The Reward of Service.—Daniel vi. 16-23.

The world is half-full of people who ask, as did Job's wife, with a disapproving sneer, "Does the Christian serve God for naught?" Such are straits as Daniel found himself in, when cast into the lion's den "know through a glass darkly," we look to the time when we shall see Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners "face to face."

FRIDAY.

Serving One Another.—Gal. v. 13.

There are plenty of people who are willing enough to worship God, and even to give tithes of their possessions to His service, but when it comes to loving their neighbor as themselves and serving him too, they stop short. They forget that to please God they must fulfill the second great commandment in unison with the first. Duty to God and duty to man must go hand in hand. Christ's example when He washed His disciples' feet shows us how humble and loving should be our service of others.

SATURDAY.

Eternal Service.—Rev. vii. 14-17.

That this life does not sever the bond that binds us to our Master is a happy thought. Of the occupations of the streets of gold we have no more definite knowledge than that we shall "serve Him day and night." And we are content with this. The hard tasks undertaken here, the sorrow and the crying are fitting us for perfected service in that perfect Land, where He is and where our work will be done in a more direct sense under the personal supervision of our Lord.

Sisters of the Cross.

An immediate extension of the Slum Work is General's latest intention. The London War Cry contains full particulars of this important new feature. The "Sisters of the Poor" will be essentially helpers of the poor, and will continue that mission work so early earned for them the title of Slum Angels. Only there will be more of them. The General says:

"After long waiting, the new method of Slum Operations, described some time ago, has at length been got fairly started. Had I space and time, I would describe it and push it on the attention and prayers of every lover of the Poorest of the Poor. I believe the Scheme has in it the elements calculated to produce a revolution in the miserable conditions of the desolate occupants of these gloomy halls in which so many of the inhabitants of our rich and luxurious cities have to live."

Comptroller Combs, the British Commander, calls for volunteers, and it is hoped that our friends and soldiers with leisure and aptitude will step forward and offer part of their available time for brightening suffering poor. The conditions are simple. Here are three of them:

1. They must wear Slum Uniform while on duty, and must be prepared to place themselves under the direction of Slum Officers.

2. They must devote at least six hours per week to Slum Work in such places as may be decided.

3. They must undertake this work as a labor of love, without expectation of fee or reward.



DON'T come here but I can't help stay away," was reply to my question you come to a place. He was a fine fellow, beautiful brow, a kindly and a good and intelligent.

Our meeting in the closed, and I had accepted of the office in corps in that town to y gambling dens, and to sell the Cry, and to our special meetings, and an opportunity presented a word here or there of a soul's salvation in full uniform, my agreement between us with a bundle of Cry's we walked forth.

It was nearing the day midnight when I standing, or rather looking back to the wall, in a safety theatre. The thick with the mixed key and rum, ale and hance and cigar smoke was an abundance of congregation. I soon all men—the entertainers, Music, and songs, and ances, were going on of the hall, upon which the attention of every man, except the "gentle" and the "lady" entertained to be set.

How such a smug young fellow, with traces of previous good, be so interested and not imagine; hence, to purchase a War Cry an answer in the nation to him, "Did you praying mother, my immediately filled with shocking sensation came as he endeavored to and more personal came. "Thank you, Captain, I will buy a War Cry, here, Bill, is one for also, I will take one mother."

The eyes of two men and of one or two of were now turned out with acceptance to for I could plainly see would quickly recognize under such a would not, however, untidy of again no stayed there, and to salvation meetings that.

"I like you Salvator for coming to seek a To be honest, however here for any good, by "God will help you you will help Him seeks! Come and say, at 3 p.m. to-morrow, not be too early to it?"

The dear fellow ward and in a low home something as to besetments which properly put on rather apology, "But help it."

Since then my heart for that young man hint a type of hundred more, who overcome and mastered by the the and subjects of there is a possibility

WEDNESDAY.

ut Shall be as His Lord.—
Matt. x. 25.

est hour that can be con-
n the servant of Christ is
reproach of the Cross. The
less that our lives bear to our
more pronounced will the
world be toward us. In
expect to receive better
hands than He did. It
at not only persecution, but
defeat may shadow our plans
His, yet if conscientiously
His will we can afford to
misrepresentations of the
though "now through a
ly," we look to the time
hall see Him Who endured
dictation of sinners "face to

THURSDAY.

rd of Service.—Daniel vi.
16-23.

is half-full of people who
Job's wife, with a disagree-
"Does the Christian serve
ught?" Such sore straits
himself in, when cast in
den, declare the sure
which God gives for ser-
s deliverances are war-
sure is pressed down and
er, and more than reward
which it is our bounden
it as our pleasure, to fulfil.

FRIDAY.

Another.—Gal. v. 12.

plenty of people who are
high to worship God, and
fithes of their possessions
ice, but when it comes to
neighbor as themselves
him too, they stop short.
that to please God they
the second great command-
son with the first. Duty
thy to man must go hand
brist's example, when He
disciples' feet shows us
and loving should be our
ethers.

SATURDAY.

service.—Rev. vii. 14-17.

life does not sever the bond
to our Master, is a happy
the occupations of the
ld we have no more defin-
ge than that we shall
day and night." And we
with this. The hard tasks
here, the sorrow and the
tling us for perfected ser-
erfect Land, where He is
our work will be done in
sense under the personal
of our Lord.

of the Cross.

ite extension of the Slum
General's latest intention
a War Cry contains
ars if this impor-
enture. The
"Sisters
will be
of the poor, and will con-
clusion which so early
hen the title of Slum
r there will be more of
General says.
waiting, the new method
rations, described some
at length been got fairly
l space and time, I
e it and push it on the
prayers of every lov-
t of the Poor. I believe
ns in it the elements
produce a revolution in
conditions of the deol-
of these gloomy holes in
y of the inhabitants of
luxurious cities have to

r Coombs, the British
hills for volunteers, and
that many friends and
elure and aptitude will
and offer part of their
for brightening the
sick and otherwise suf-
the conditions are slum-
three of them:
sl wear Slum Uniform
and must be prepared
ives under the direction
es.
st devote at least six
to Slum Work in such
be decided.
st undertake this work
ve, without expectation
d."



BY LIEUT. COLONEL MARGETTS.

the practice of sin and evil habit that
it cunningly and gradually, yet surely,
steals from you all power of resist-
ance, and holds you a tethered, a com-
pletely conquered prisoner.

"I can't help it," says the drunkard,
as with staggering feet and muddled
brain, with fiery breath and empty
pocket, with burning throat and blood-
shot eyes, he stumbles into the
HOMED, which ought to be a HOME,
but which, being robbed of comfort,
deprived of happiness, and bared with
poverty, is a constant scene of sorrow
and shame. The wife is too broken-
hearted in the wretched dungeon of
bare walls and floors, with its fireless
stove and empty cupboard, with its
crouching, shivering children, whose
punched faces, half-clothed forms, and
piteous cries, are the only appeal
which can now sufficiently touch the
degraded and ruined affections of the
once kind father, as to cause the now
degraded drunkard to offer his best
apology, "I can't help it," for being
the cause of the sad predicament.

The blasphemous, whose profane
tongue and lying lips issuing forth
curses and blasphemies continually,



GEORGE WOULD NOT FIGHT.

The Evolution —of a Seed.

STAGE SEVEN.

They were drifting down stream—
had been so for days, and were likely
to do so for days more. After the
arduous tramps and hard travelling of
their journey to the West, their pro-
gress down the Saskatchewan seemed
monotonous and slow. All day long
their flat boats were carried along
by the current—where the river was
narrow and deep with considerable
speed, where it was broad and shallow
they crept sluggishly along. Liable at
any moment to a "bump"—on a sand-
bar. When this occurred there was
nothing for it but to wade. Sometimes
the water was so deep that the shorter
men had to stay in the boat while their
taller comrades lightened their craft
and pushed her off. As Seeds could
stand upright with dry crown in nearly
six feet of water, he was constantly
in the water. At night they anchored
under the river's high steep banks.
They had the uncomfortable convic-
tion what excellent marks they would
have been lying here for any Indians
who might be in ambush on the high
ground above. But either there were
no Indians about, or they did not

make him a sure terror to all who
came in contact with him, when met
and conversed with, and chamed by truth,
purity, and integrity, excuses himself
with, "I can't help it."

Those fallen ones, too, whose vir-
tues have given way to vice, and
whose purity and morality have long
since become "a thing of the past,"
by the strong and shameless passions
of a sin-cursed nature, and who con-
tinue to add fire to fire, evil to evil,
and woe to woe, because they seek for
no better and more potent a remedy
than their own blighted and well-nigh
wiped-out wills, and plead, as they
go on in sin's downward course, "I
can't help it."

And so the whirlpool of iniquity
goes round, and on, ever carrying
with it and slaking lower and lower
into its mighty vortex and power,
the men and youths, the women and
maiden, and, alas! alas! in not a
few cases, the boys and girls of our
Territory down the current of sin's
dashing stream, into the crashing
breakers, and rugged rocks, and shift-
ing shoals of the self-destroying, and
soul-damning catarnet of "I can't help
it."

Is there no help for these sad
wrecks? Is there no balm in Gilead?
Is there no Physician there?

A contribution answering the con-
cluding questions of the above article,
will appear in our next issue, under
the title: "Morphine Mastered," by
Lieut.-Colonel Margetts.

why should he be thus tormented? It
was a little straw, but it broke the
camel's back. For the first time since
his conversion Seeds lost control of
himself and directed a well-aimed blow
at the bully. The latter squared his
fists and offered to fight. But Seeds'
sudden anger had already spent itself.
Never will he forget the burning
shame of that moment. He had dis-
graced his God—lowered the flag. His
hands dropped as suddenly as they
had clenched.

"I will not fight," he said. "I was
wrong in touching you, though you
did steal from me. You can strike me
if you like, but I shall not return it."
That night in his tent, before his
astonished comrades, Seeds, with tears
of contrition, confessed his sudden
faint, and promised in God's strength
never to repeat it. He kept his word,
and from that day far from losing his
comrades' trust, nothing but respect
and confidence met the man who had
been brave enough to own his wrong.

In the little tent which the soldiers
built of brushwood on the outskirts
of the camp, Seeds and his Salvation-
ist chum conducted little prayer meet-
ings which made their influence felt
upon the whole company. Though
their bravery and consistency had won
for them universal confidence, they
found the ground no easy one when it
came to recruiting for the Cross. All
the same eight converts were the
visible soil set by God upon their
efforts during the campaign.

The further events of the expedition
are too long to be told here. Seeds'
patriotic ambitions were not checked
by any active encouragement, though he
had abundant evidences of the stern
realities of the trenchery of the foe
which had met others. It fell to his
lot, with others, to discover the scene
of the horrible massacre and respect-
fully bury the mutilated dead.

The untimely death of their Colonel
whose bravery in the charge and
Christian consideration for his men
under all circumstances had made him
universally loved and respected, cast
a gloom over the soldiers' home-com-
ing.

Royal welcomes awaited them at all
halting-places en route. And to say
the warmth of ovation surrounded the
soldiers with temptations. At the end
of every banqueting table there was
a host of beer, and the soldiers were
thrown open with free drinks to every
soldier. Many who had been brave
under the enemy's fire succumbed to
the sly temptations of their victory.

No badge or regulation uniform was
a restriction which had cost Seeds a
good deal of regret during the cam-
paign, but now the said uniform was
tattered and torn.

Social Reform Siege-isms.

By THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

Ensign Nellie Griffiths, of the G. S.
Department, and Capt. Florence East-
on, of the Women's Social Depart-
ment, conducted a Siege meeting at
the Women's Rescue Home, on Feb.
9th. They thoroughly interested the
girls with their music and singing and
speaking, and have been invited to give
them another meeting. Two dear girls
volunteered out for salvation.

The London Shelter is right up to
date in Siege fighting. Capt. W. R.
Long, the Manager, states they are
holding "family worship" not only for
the officers and helpers, but show the
Siege begins, pressing invitations were
given to the men to be present, and a
large number of the boarders have
availed themselves of the privilege.

During the first week of the Siege
two of the men who came in to
prayers made a start to serve God.
Both were backsliders, one having
been a soldier in London and the other
in Hamilton. Drink had been the
downfall of them both.

It is a grand thing to get men like
this converted, but what a state of
things for a Christian community to
tolerate, viz., an epidemic of drink
path of every poor fellow trying to
get free from the thralldom of the
accursed drink. It is a shame that
such temptations are placed in the
way of the down-trodden, and that
they are as lawful as a place of wor-
ship. Boys, down with the drink!

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Notes "Here, There and All Over."

GOD SPEED THE BOOMERS OF THE DEAR OLD CRY!

BY AZARIAH.

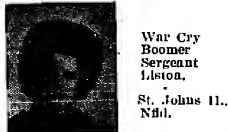
WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

60 Hustlers.

Really I'm getting a little weary of so much sameness in the position of the different Provinces. Can't something be done to get up a sensation? Why should dear old Major Southall continue to lead the Territory so easily? I don't wish him any harm, but there steals over my frame (N.B.—This word is used merely for its pletuqueness), a secret longing for a hand to hand conflict between Brig. What's-His-Name and the Major, in which encounter the Major is put "horse de combatte." I hope the Major will forgive me. He will, I'm sure, understand how difficult it must be to get up steam each week, when one man always comes in first.

The individual boomers deserve the highest and most unqualified praise. Such names as Capt. Hellman, Mrs. Huffman, Capt. McNamoy Horwood, Allen, Jackson, etc., etc., are an inspiration. I could fill this column with the names of warriors who can be relied on week by week. God bless them all!

Capt. Perrenond, of Nanaimo, is a boomer after my own heart. She says: "It is very hard to get a crowd in the barracks, but I and that we can do a lot of visiting and selling the War Cry. The last two weeks we have had a good chance to do something while selling the Crys in the saloons. Last Saturday we sang in three saloons—in one of them to the accompaniment of the piano. The saloon was crowded and we had the opportunity to speak to three backsliders. We found them in our Sunday afternoon's meeting."



War Cry Boomer Sergeant St. Johns II, Nfld.

I fully understand that Brigadier Sharp can hardly expect to compete with the Ontario and Eastern Provinces in the number of boomers. Still, he has some good material, and all that's needed is a large increase of population. Could not the Brigadier arrange for a few thousand Donk-hoblers to be shipped to the Island Colony?

It has occurred to me that we should, to do the correct thing, have two Competition Lists, one in which shall figure the three Ontario Provinces and the Eastern, and the other the North-West, Pacific and Newfoundland. That would, I think, make the running a great deal more equal. Suppose we try it that way, then, and begin the racing for War Cry O's March 4th. That will give the P. O's concerned good time to agitate.

Brigadier Pugliese is opening up Hampton, down east, and the War Cry order for the first week is for 100. Hurrah. Brigadier, boom the Cry!

Kanloops takes 20 more Crys and Lewiston, Idaho, rises 15. I take off my hat to you, comrades. Why not rise again?

Western Bay, Newfoundland, also feels able to add 15 more Crys each week. Off comes my hat again! It is a pleasant sensation.

I refrain from mentioning the names of the few corps who have dropped. My kind heart refuses from causing any blush of shame or regret on the cheek of any officer. Try again, Capt. and a little harder.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	278
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
SERGEANT M. BATEMAN, Stratford	123
S.M. MRS. ROCK, Chatham	123
LEUT. PAYTON, Chatham	108
CAPT. CLARK, London	100
LEUT. CURR, Windsor	92
ENSIGN OTTAWAY, Guelph	90
LEUT. BEACH, Senfouth	90
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, London	85
LEUT. PICKLE, St. Thomas	85
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	81
LEUT. BURROWS, Wallaceburg	80
Mrs. Adjt. Hughes, Stratford	75
LEUT. SLIZER, Dresden	70
LEUT. MUNFORD, Sarnia	70
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	62
Capt. Coe, Guelph	60
Capt. Brage, Wyoming	60
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	60
Sister Dalsey, Berlin	58
Capt. Rees, Watford	58
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	57
Treas. Churchill, Petrolia	56
LEUT. BARTON, Strathroy	56
Cand. Curley, Ridgeway	56
LEUT. WINTERS, Bothwell	55
Sergt. Allan, Mitchell	50
Sister Robinson, Tilsonburg	50
Sister Seubster, Berlin	50



TEMPLE WAR CRY BRIGADE.

Sister Legallia, Petrolia	46
Sergt. Pitchley, Listowell	44
Sister Jordan, Paris	41
LEUT. COPEMAN, Palmerston	40
ENSIGN MCKENZIE, Berlin	37
Sergt. Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	36
S.M. Armstrong, Seaforth	36
S.M. Scott, Guelph	35
LEUT. HODGSON, Listowell	35
Capt. Burton, Leamington	35
LEUT. CRAWFORD, Simcoe	34
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor	32
Bro. Palmer, London	32
Adjt. McAmmond, London	32
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	32
Sister Ellis, Blenheim	30
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville	30
Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	28
Capt. Payton, Ridgeway	27
S.M. Smith, Guelph	27
Sergt. A. Rowatt, Bayfield	27
Sister Mrs. Cheeseman, London	26
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	26
Sister May, Dryton	25
Capt. Jarvis, Dryton	25
Sister Stoddart, Essex	25
Sister Outling, Essex	25
Capt. Dowell, Essex	25
LEUT. BARD, Thorford	25
Lottie Cannon, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Bonny, Bothwell	25
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Paris	24
ENSIGN McHarg, Windsor	24
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	23
Capt. Ebbury, St. Thomas	22
Adjt. Coombs, Brantford	22
Sister G. Crafts, Chatham	22

Capt. McLeod, Wingham	22
Capt. McDonald, Tilsonburg	21
Sister Francis Erb, Berlin	21
Sister Planel, London	21
ENSIGN ORCHARD, Wingham	20
Bro. M. Benn, Wallaceburg	20
Bro. Christian, Dresden	20
Bro. Hyde, Sarnia	20
Capt. Hoddinott, Blenheim	20
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim	20
S.M. Rose, Hespeler	20
Sergt. Tremaine, Hespeler	20
Sister Passmore, Ridgeway	20
LEUT. GATZKE, Bayfield	20
Sister McCaffery, Essex	20
Sister Hoskins, St. Thomas	20
Sister Palmer, St. Thomas	20
Sister Nellie Mason, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kinsville	20
Capt. Huntington, Clinton	20
Capt. Reuter, Norwich	20
LEUT. STECKELS, Norwich	20
ENSIGN SCOTT, Galt	20

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.

84 Hustlers.

CAPT. CONNOIS, Ottawa	140
CAPT. CREGG, Gananoque	120
ADJT. GOODWIN, Ottawa	102
SERGEANT MAJOR PEIKINS, Barre	100
VI.	100
LEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	100
Capt. French, Peterboro	85
LEUT. BUTCHER, Brockville	85
Minale Quinn, Pembroke	80
Capt. Bearehell, Deseronto	80
ENSIGN SIMS, Peterboro	78
Capt. Sleeth, Prescott	75
Sergt. Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	75
Miss Perrett, St. Johnsbury	75
LEUT. YOUNG, St. Johnsbury	75
Capt. Downey, Burlington	75
Capt. Jones, Burlington	74
Capt. Brown, Sherbrooke	73
LEUT. TUCK, Montreal II.	73
Capt. Banks, Quebec	71
Capt. Norman, Napanea	70
LEUT. NORMAN, Pictou	60
Capt. Green, Tweed	60



Mr. Harmony Octave, to his accomplished daughter, Miss Appoglutura Octave, who is going to win the gold medal at the Institute, and incidentally the hand and heart of Professor Basso, the eminent soloist: "Say denie, here's a nice piece of music in the War Cry this week. Just try it over for me, will you?"

Sergt. Annie Downey, Kingston	27
Capt. DeWitt, Mulbrook	27
Sergt. Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	24
Sergt. Major Douglas, Cornwall	24
Capt. Vance, Belleville	24
Capt. Pridgen, Bloomfield	23
ENSIGN YOUNG, Montpelier	23
Capt. Lalonde, Sherbrooke	23
LEUT. HICKMAN, Prescott	23
Capt. Michiel, Peterboro	22
Sister M. Brown, Montreal I.	22
LEUT. O'NEIL, Millbrook	22
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, Peterboro	21
Capt. Owen, Sudbury	21
Lydia Phelps, Pictou	21
Mrs. Hippera, Montreal II.	21
Mrs. Suddard, Kingston	20
Sergt. Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
LEUT. RANDALL, Bloomfield	20
Sister Sturmer, Pictou	20
Sergt. White, Brockville	20
Father Duquett, Trenton	20
Capt. Patton, Coaticook	20
LEUT. BURCH, Coaticook	20
Ida Fulford, Campbellton	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

81 Hustlers.

Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Capt. M. Wilson, Collingwood	65
LEUT. M. HOWEROTT, Parry Sound	65
Adjt. Cameron, Barre	65
ENSIGN FOX, St. Catharines	65
LEUT. HUSKINSON, Orillia	63
ENSIGN JONES, Bowmanville	60
Capt. Hanna, Brampton	58
Capt. Goldberg, Port Hope	58
Sister McQuinn, Tempe	55
Capt. Stephens, Orillia	55
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay	50
Sergt. Major Bradley, Temple	50
Capt. Shervin, Sudbury	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Peacock, Lindsay	50
Sergt. Major Bowber, Ligar St.	48
Sergt. Bowber, Ligar St.	45
Capt. Gannage, Little Current	45
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	45
LEUT. KIVEL, Owen Sound	42
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	41
Capt. Stobler, Riverside	40
LEUT. NORRICOIT, Newmarket	40
Capt. White, Huntsville	40
Bro. Gray, Midland	40
LEUT. LIDDARD, Collingwood	40
Bro. Dixon, Temple	40
LEUT. BOND, Sudbury	40
Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay	37
Sergt. Major Beall, St. Catharines	36
Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	35
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	35
Capt. Bowers, Riverside	35
LEUT. STECKELS, Riverside	35
Sergt. Major Hunter, Newmarket	35
Capt. Nelson, Uxbridge	35
Capt. Hunt, Peversham	32
Bro. Taylor, Meaford	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Birdie Locke, Temple	30
Sister Boulton, Temple	30
LEUT. THUR, Anson	30
Cadet Youmans, Lippincott	29
Cadet Ringler, Lippincott	29
Cadet Hart, Lippincott	29
Cadet Yake, Lippincott	29
Cadet Smith, Lippincott	29
Charles Good, Lippincott	28
LEUT. COOPER, St. Catharines	27
Capt. Hart, West Toronto Junction	27
Capt. Bloss, West Toronto Junction	27
Cadet Kitchen, Lippincott	26
Sister M. Wood, Kilmoryn	26
Capt. J. A. Wiseman, Brooklyn	25
LEUT. EDWARDS, Chesley	25
Pub. Sergt. Major Steckels, Ligar	25
Capt. Darrach, Oshawa	25

LEUT. DULES, Oshawa	22
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	21
LEUT. WADGE, Uxbridge	21
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I.	21
LEUT. MARSHALL, Peversham	20
Sergt. Howald, Riverside	20
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. White, Hamilton I.	20
Sergt. Major Courtmancie, Kingston	20
Mrs. Kennedy, Newmarket	20
Capt. Rennie, Meaford	20
LEUT. CRAIG, Meaford	20
Sister Stacey, Temple	20
Capt. Rose, Dovercourt	20
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Wm. Thompson, Sudbury	20
Capt. Mainland, Oakville	20
LEUT. CRAIG, Oakville	20
Sergt. Shelly, Ligar St.	20
Bro. Young, Temple	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

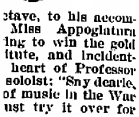
68 Hustlers.

MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.	1
SERGEANT FLOOD, Hamilton Ber	1
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.	1
SERGEANT FLOOD, Hamilton Ber	1
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	1
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	1
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	1
SISTER E. WHITE, Houtou	1
James Kelley, St. Georges, Ber	1
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	1
Cadet Webber, Fredericton	1
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	1
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	1
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	1
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	1
Lizelle Lebas, Fredericton	1
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III	1
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III	1
Alma Traflet, Fairville	1
LEUT. KIRK, Woodstock	1
Sister Curry, Woodstock	1
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	1
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	1
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	1
Dave Jones, St. Georges, Ber	1
LEUT. DUNSCOMB, Fredericton	1
LEUT. MCKEIL, Hillsboro	1
Capt. Riche, Moncton	1
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	1
Father Duquett, Fredericton	1
Cadet Gardiner, Fredericton	1
LEUT. SHARPHAM, Carleton	1
Sister J. Smith, Hamilton, Ber	1
Capt. A. Horwood, Lunenburg	1
Chas. Brown, Westville	1
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John II	1
Capt. McDonald, Kentville	1
Sec. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	1
Cadet Knight, Chatham	1
Sergt. Chislett, North Sydney	1
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John II	1
Sergt. James Moore, Halifax I.	1
LEUT. McLEOD, Westville	1
S. M. Davey, North Sydney	1
Capt. N. Knight, Chatham, N.	1
Cadet Fudge, Fredericton, N.	1
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	1
Sergt. T. Keating, N. Sydney	1
Sergt. Chandler, St. John III.	1
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III.	1
LEUT. L. SOLIG, Clark's Harbour	1
Sec. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	1
Sister G. Blaney, Moncton	1
Sister C. Conrad, Halifax I.	1
LEUT. LEADLEY, Kentville	1
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III.	1
Annie Pollock, Fredericton	1
ENSIGN JENNINGS, Moncton	1

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.

MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wall	1
CADET CREAVETT, Butte	1
CAPT. BAILEY, Missoula	1
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	1
Hannah Kaudson, Nelson	1
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria	1
Capt. Scott, Spokane	1
Sergt. Glen, Helena	1
Cadet Long, Lewiston	1
Sister Hardenbrook, Spokane	1
Mrs. McFee, Nelson	1
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	1
Capt. Haas, Lewiston	1
Florrie Fonge, Nelson	1
Sister Anderson, Helena	1
Sister Kennedy, Spokane	1
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	1
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	1
Mrs. Powell, New Whatcom	1
Mrs. Adjt. Hay, Butte	1
Mrs. Rowe, Butte	1
Mrs. Berry, New Whatcom	1
Mrs. Ensign Alward, Helena	1
LEUT. SHANLEY, New Whatcom	1



NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.
17 Hustlers.

Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	91
Lieut. Clade, Larimore	73
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	67
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Port Arthur ..	103
Capt. Smith, Moose Jaw	64
Capt. Barrager, Prince Albert	60
Lieut. E. McConnell, Jamestown ..	61
Lieut. E. McConnell, Jamestown ..	69
Lieut. Hanger, Edmonton	57
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	46
Lieut. Halstine, Carberry	49
Lieut. Clark, Larimore	41
Capt. 800, Carberry	8
Lieut. Patterson, Fargo	35
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	33
Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa	23
Capt. Jarvis, Larimore	22

EASTERN PROVINCE

08 Hustlers,
MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.. 152
SERGT. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.. 150
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I... 135
SERGT. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.. 133
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown 116
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton

LITTLE DOROTHY.

The Child-Servant of the Poor.

The poor have friends that they know not of. It is always the wealthy and influential who help to relieve the necessities of the helpless; sometimes it is the lowliest and most obscure who give a willing hand. The following is a touching incident of this latter class. A little girl of two years, the child of good parents, was, until angels came and took her away to heaven, a Grace-Before-Me box-holder, in her own name. Despite her tender years she was intelligent enough to understand that the contents of the box were used in helping the hungry, the homeless, and the poorest of the poor, and

This Little Angel of Mercy

never forgot to remember Lazarus whenever an opportunity arose.

This is how it all came about. One day one of our Light Brigade Agents visited the home of the little girl, and pleaded the cause of the poor and helpless. To the sister-Agent's agree-ment, she was taken to the Light Brigade. I got into a house where there was al- ready a Grace-Before-Meat Box, and that the parents were friends and helpers of the Army in many different ways. But little Dorothy, on her own, never liked to be in the Light Brigade Grace-Before-Meat Box, which our sister had introduced in the course of conversation, and she was allowed to converse it, and spell the pictures, I'll not wonder, and her eyes and heavenly quickness in the meaning of them.

With Pleading Looks,

eloquent gesticulations, and childish talk, she drew her father's attention to them.

And so it happened that little Dorothy was allowed to have a Grace-Before-Meat Box of her own, and from that day she took a special interest in it, and it was placed upon the table at every meal. Visitors to the house were always given the opportunity of contributing to the Box, Dorothy herself handling it round. But this sweet child and helper of the poor was

Taken to Heaven,

leaving many sorrowful hearts behind. When our Agent called to open the box, the parents said that it was through their dear child's influence that they had given such prominence to the claims of the poor and needy. A considerable sum was found in the box, and it had all been collected by little Dorothy.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

25 Hustlers.	
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace.	131
CADET CREAMETT, Butte.	123
CAPT. BAILEY, Missoula.	108
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria.	100
Mrs. Adit. Ayre, Victoria.	92
Mrs. Adit. Ayre, Victoria.	87
Capt. Scott, Spokane.	79
Capt. Glen, Helena.	70
Capt. Robie, Helena.	68
Capt. Long, Lewiston.	53
Sister Hardenbrook, Spokane.	34
Mrs. May, Helena.	53
Capt. Thoen, Spokane.	53
Capt. Haas, Lewiston.	50
Florida Ponge, Nelson.	41
Sister Enander, Helena.	40
Sister Kennedy, Spokane.	40
Capt. Hooker, Wallace.	30
Sister Mortimer, Victoria.	30
Sister Enander, Helena.	27
Mrs. Adit. Hay, Butte.	24
Mrs. Rowe, Butte.	24
Mrs. Berry, New Whatcom.	21
Sister Enander, Helena.	20
Leuit. Shanley, New Whatcom.	20

This simple story is a striking objection! Even the youngest and least experienced of our readers will sympathize with the pathetic work. This little child's heart was in her work. Her sympathies were enlarged, and her tender mind was enlarged. She was a child around her. What a rebuke to the cold, selfish world! A little child has set us new example of love and pity which will enrage—social Gazette.



A RESCUE OFFICER PROMOTED.

**Lieut. Glass Exchanges the Sword
for the Crown.**

" Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

While our hearts feel sad at losing a warrior from our side, and our sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones, yet we have cause to rejoice that another soul is safe at home, and has triumphed over death. Lieut. Glass, who has been on furlough in Portage in Prairie for some time, passed peacefully away to be with Jesus, on Thursday, Jan. 19th, leaving behind her a bright testimony of her abundant entrance into the Kingdom.

While we were expecting the eud. it came nearer than we first antici-
pated. The funeral service was a
very impressive one, and all present
re-consecrated themselves to God for
His service. The Portage la Prairie
band turned out, and together with a
large number of soldiers and friends,
marched to the station, the body being
sent to Ontario for interment. The
band played, "Shall we gather at the
river?" as the train pulled out.—J. C.
H.

ANOTHER GAP IN THE RANKS

From Brandon to Heaven

Comrade Fred Rustou was converted while Ensign (now Adjt.) Thomas was in charge of the Brandon corps. This happened in the latter part of April, 1897. He was enrolled the following August, and by his life and testimony proved God's grace to be sufficient through the many trials of life.

He was taken to the hospital on the 5th of October, and while his sickness was a severe one, and one that affected his mind, yet he was ever sensible of the fact that Jesus saved him and was real precious to his soul. Without clear on any other question that was asked him, yet when asked about his soul his face brightened up with heavenly light, and his testimony was that Jesus was All in All.

Many of the comrades visited him, and I saw him one night before he died, and then, since that time, his soul was steadfast. Publication Sergeant-Major Joe Parker saw him last, and he was very bright in his soul.

He died on Tuesday, Jan. 24th, at 1 p.m., and on Thursday, the 26th, we laid him to rest in the Brandon Cemetery. We had a very impressive service in the barracks. Many tears were shed, and I trust that the service will be productive of much good. Two souls came out the next night.

We had a memorial service last night, and while none got saved, yet we are believing for many to come.—Ensign Robt. Smith.

P. S.—Our departed comrade was once an officer in Ontario.—R. S.

"GONE TO BE WITH JESUS."

Our comrade, Mrs. Sarah Pilley, has passed over the river. For six years she stood by the flag and officers, both in spiritual and temporal matters. Beca a blessing to both the saved and sinner. She will be missed very much, not only by the corps, but right through the harbor. For six months she suffered beyond expression, but bore it all with patience, being fully resigned to the will of God. I visited her while sick and found that she feared no condemnation. Her message to the comrades was, "Fight on, be true!" She passed away on New Year's night. On the

following Wednesday we placed her remains beneath the sod to wait the great resurrection morn. Memorial service at night, when husband and son, with two others, sought salvation. —Tom Pitcher, Capt.

EARTH'S CONFLICT ENDED.

**A Faithful Feversham Soldier
Promoted.**


God has visited Feversham corps and promoted Mother Mary Poole to Glory. She was 81 years of age at the time of her death. We say "Mother" for she was motherly to everyone she came in contact with. She was converted among the Methodists when 15 years of age. She was then residing in the Township of Kling. She vis-

When Capt. Sarah Cross (who was a widow) became the wife of Happy Bill (Cooper) was in charge. They were expected by train. A great march was to meet them at the station. She went and asked a soldier if she would be permitted to march. This was not granted. Her sister, Augusta, was a great marcher, and said to her son-in-law, "Did we ever think that we should see religious people marching in such a manner?" At that time she was a Blood-and-Fire soldier. Soon after this Feversham corps was opened, and Mother and her daughter, Mrs. Henderson, were all enrolled in the first enrolment. From the year 1885 till the time of her death, she was in the ranks. She went round the dying bed were Capt. Brant, Lieut. Cornish and her children. Capt. Brant said to her, "Mother, I am a man's兵," also, "My Jesus, love Thee. I know Thou are mine." This was while she was gasping her last breath. She said to her son-in-law, "Keep up the standard. Her desire was that I should not let it fall, and so, I so arranged to be there. Her favorite song was, "This is sweetest love in heaven," which she sang for me after a short service was held. She was then taken to the barracks. At Ladybank, a distance of 1½ miles, where a service was held, and a few touching testimonies, we closed our meetings and carried the remains of Mother to her home. Her son and her sons, her son-in-law and grandson took off their coats, and, in red guernseys, they sat in the front row of the resting place. This was at her request.

On Sunday afternoon the meeting was held at Lady Bank barracks. The barracks was well filled, considering the stormy weather. Hymns were sung and testimonies given principally from her own children. People wept all over the house.

The Memorial Service on Sunday night was held at Feversham, where was gathered a large and sympathizing audience. Two sisters reconsecrated their lives to God, and we have no hesitation in saying that the fire was kindled in the hearts of many.—Staff-Capt Geo. Manton.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY



TO those who think of travelling to the
OLD COUNTRY,
 we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to **MAJOR SMYTHSON**, 8 A. Temple, Toronto.

GOD SAVE THE POOR DRUNKARD!

Specialty Arranged Siege Songs for this Week.

A Call to Arms!

By THE LATE BRIGADIER READ.

Tunes.—Better world (B.J. 11); What's the news? (B.J. 12); Will you go? (B.B. 13); Christ for me (B. B. 38).

1 There is a sinful, careless throng
Drifting on, drifting on,
To hell they speed and rush along,
Drifting on, drifting on,
Regardless of a mother's prayer,
Entrapped by many a devil's snare,
Such wicked deeds they do and dare,
Drifting on, drifting on.

Comrades, as you see the godless crowd,
Do you care? Do you care?
Do you raise your voice and cry aloud?
Do you care? Do you care?
While thousands on to ruin go,
To spend eternity in woe,
Do you some real pity show?
Do you care? Do you care?

Soldiers of the cross of Jesus Christ,
Stand to arms! Stand to arms!
Everywhere our precious colors hoist,
Stand to arms! Stand to arms!
Throw off old self, be true, be brave,
Your chances go when in the grave,
Oh, rush ahead the world to save,
Stand to arms! Stand to arms!

Come, Holy Ghost!

Tunes.—Helmley (B.J. 147, 2); Hark, the voice (B.J. 51, 1); Out on the ocean (B.J. 227, 2); Blessed Jesus (B.J. 45); or, Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah (B.J. 121).

2 Jesus, like a mighty fire,
Send Thy Spirit down on me;
Yearning with intense desire
Is my soul for more of Thee.
Blest Redeemer!
Let me here Thy glory see.

Bury away the thing that hinders,
Let no evil stay within;
Come, and reign without a rival,
Conquer over every sin.
Mighty Spirit!
Now Thy wondrous work begin.

Thou art coming! Faith can see Thee!
Here descends the promised power!
Oh, may every heart be open
To receive the glorious shower.
All Thy fullness!
Down upon us Thou dost pour.

Hope for the Drunkard!

By MAJOR COLLIER.

Tune.—Never will give in (B.J. 38).

3 We are seeking for desperate sinners,
For the worst and the lowest we'll find,
And we know, by God's help, we'll be winners.

Of those in the dark haunts of woe,
Though the drink-dead still is raging,
The foe the light is waging,
We will bring them to our Saviour,
And they never need turn back.

Chorus.

Oh, You never, never, never need turn back any more,
Any more, any more, any more, any more,
Oh, you never, never, never need turn back any more,
For in Him you'll find the grace to help you onward.

The drunkards whose homes are neglected,
And whose gifts have been blasted by drink,
By most folks to-day are rejected;
God's Spirit is making them think,
Though for drink they still are longing.

Their conscience they are wronging,
If they'll give themselves to Jesus,
They will never need turn back.

Then turn to your God while He's calling,
And offers to you pardoning grace,
At the footstool of mercy falling,
Your feet on the rock He will place,
Though by hosts of hell surrounded,
Your faith in Christ is founded,
He will hold you up forever,
And you never need turn back.

"Your Dying Mother's Hymn!"

Tunes.—Christ receiveth sinful men; or any of the old familiar tunes.

4 Jesus! lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high,
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide, till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide, oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me,
All my trust on Thee is stayed, all my help from Thee I bring;
O'er my defenceless head with the shadow of Thy wing.

Turn To! Turn To!

Tunes.—Oh, turn ye (B.B. 10, B.J. 86); My brother, the Master is calling for Thee; Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9).

5 Oh, turn ye! oh, turn ye! for why will ye die?
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh,
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

Why will you be starving and fretting on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

This Week's Solo.

By STAFF-CAPT. J. C. LUDGATE.

Tunes.—Palms of victory; or, Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 174).

6 I saw a poor old drunkard in garments that were torn,
Staggering on the sidewalks, dazed and forlorn;
He had wasted health and fortune, he had sold his home for rum,
But suddenly he stopped—he heard the beating of a drum.

Chorus to first tune.

Claim the victory,
Get the victory,
Keep the victory
In your soul.

Chorus to second tune.

To the uttermost He saves, etc.

He staggered to the corner, a crowd had gathered there,
He saw the soldiers kneeling upon the ground in prayer;
He listened to their pleadings, and tears began to flow
As they told of Jesus Christ, Whose Blood could wash us white as snow.

First one and then another stepped boldly to the ring,
And told how God had saved and kept them from all guilt and sin;
The Captain spoke of Jesus, who suffered on the tree,
And shed His Blood that every soul from sin might be set free.



They marched off to the barracks with music, flag and drum,
And every time the drum was beat it seemed to echo "Come!"
He followed to the meeting, with garments that were torn,
But ere the meeting ended he was kneeling at the form.
He prayed for God to save him, he agonized in prayer,
Free pardon Jesus gave him while he was kneeling there;
Since then he has been sober, to God he has proved true,
And now each night you'll find him 'neath the Yellow, Red and Blue.



LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Accompanied by MAJOR SOUTHALL

will visit and conduct Special Meetings as follows:

STRATFORD, March 2, 3.
LONDON, March 4, 5, 6, 7.
ST. THOMAS, March 8.
WINNIPEG, March 9, 10.
CHATHAM, March 11, 12, 13.
DRESDEN, March 14.
PETROLIA, March 15, 16.
WOODSTOCK, March 17.
BRANTFORD, March 18, 19, 20.

C. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN PARKER—Campbellford, Feb. 25, 26; Tweed, Feb. 27; Belleville, Feb. 28, March 1; Kingston, March 2-5; Sunbury, March 6, 7; Kingston, March 8.

ENSIGN ANDREWS—Aldie Harbor, Feb. 24; North Bay, Feb. 25, 26, 27; Sudbury, Feb. 28; Manitoulin Is., March 1-6; Copper Cliff, March 7; Stobie, March 8.

ENSIGN COLLIER—Drayton, Feb. 24; Guelph, Feb. 25, 26; Berlin, Feb. 27; St. Jacobs, Feb. 28; Galt, March 1, 2; Hespeler, March 3, 4, 5; Paris, 6, 7.

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; friends and, as far as possible, will wronged women and children, or any one in distress. Address Commissioner Evangelist South, 11 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Others, Soldiers and Friends are requested to let regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3313. THOMAS GILLESPIE, a cooper, by trade. Left Manitoba by train, April 1897. Last heard of at the Western Hotel San Francisco, from which place he expected to sail on the boat Matsuri on April 28th, 1897. Description: age about 40, fair hair, 6 ft. high. His only sister anxiously inquires. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3310. FREDERICK NORDINGER, Left Manitoba September 25th, 1897, with cattle, for Montreal, thence to Liverpool, thence to Hull and London, and returned to Boston, N. S. Went to Georgia and on to Richmond, Virginia. Any information address inquiry, Toronto.

3311. MRS. D. R. DALEY wishes to hear from her son, Samuel Daley, who once resided in Summerville.

3300. JOHN S. SLOAN, Age 55, brown hair, light blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in. in height. Last heard of rafting timber at Senat Beach, Mich. His brother inquires. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3312. THOMAS HICKSON, Formerly lived in Manchester, England. Last heard of in Nova Scotia, in 1894. Age 44, lost part of one ear. Sister inquires. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3322. WILLIAM STEVENS, Age 60, height 6 ft., grey hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer. Last heard of about three years ago, when he was in Winnipeg, employed by Messrs. W. R. Tannan & Co. His letters were at one time addressed c/o W. B. Portage in Prairie. Any information address inquiry, Toronto.

3298. WILLIAM ALBERT BEATTY, Last heard of ten years ago, in San Francisco. About 35 years of age, tall, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly of Lisle, Ireland. Anyone knowing Beatty's whereabouts address inquiry, Toronto, or Jennie Houston, 257 Carlton St., Toronto.

3297. THOMAS GEORGE FARE BROTHIER, Age 26, height 5 ft. 6 in. brown hair and eyes. Left his home at Bunwell, Wickford, on Monday, September 20th. His poor wife has no idea of his present whereabouts but sincerely desires to forget and forgive. Address inquiry, Toronto.

3294. Will P. J. D., who left West York on 23rd September kindly communicate with Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Friends anxious.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCE, &c.
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEE?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent office.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Houston, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by John Houston, S. A. Printing Office, C. Horn, S. A. 11 Albert St., Toronto.

DO YOU DRINK JUBILEE TEA?

Yes! Since I Tried it, I Want No Other.